May/June 1998

Remembering
969–70
South Florida
Ecoscientists
When Kids Lose
Their Moms

BROWN
ALUMNI MAGAZINE

WHO IS CEDRIC JENNINGS?

A Story of Race, Opportunity, and an American Dream

BROWN ALUMNI MAGAZINE / Brown University Box 1854 / Providence, RI 02912
CHANGE SERVICE REQUESTED

Non-Profit Org.
U.S. POSTAGE
PAID
Permit No. 611
Burlington,
Vermont 05401

The Glenlivet Single Malt.
Once discovered, always treasured.

Those who appreciate quality enjoy it responsibly.

Right now, your Dad needs a helping hand. But first we'd like to offer you a sympathetic ear.

You're doing everything possible to meet Dad's needs. But it's hard finding enough hours in the day. Your concerns and questions keep growing.

At a time like this, you could use a good listener.

Listening is one of the things we do best at Beechwood at Laurelmead. It's how we learn about your dad's personal needs and preferences . . . and offer just the right level of care and assistance to help maintain his independence.

And it's how we come to know the social and recreational activities he'll enjoy most in our gracious, residential setting.

The more you talk, the better you'll feel about Dad's options for today . . . and the future. So call us. We're ready to listen. Visit our assisted living community today.

Ask about our separate HeartHaven Program for those with Alzheimer's or related memory disorders.

Our Nursing & Rehabilitation Program offers skilled nursing and specialized services such as physical and speech therapy.

Call (401) 273-6565 to arrange a tour or to receive a free information kit. Come and see for yourself why so many Brown and Pembroke alumni are choosing Beechwood at Laurelmead as their new home.

BEECHWOOD
at Laurelmead

353 Blackstone Boulevard
Providence, RI 02906

A Constellation Senior Services Residence

EQUAL HOUSING OPPORTUNITY

When buying a variable annuity, is it smarter to be aggressive or conservative?

Yes.

One half of you wants investment safety. The other half craves meaty growth. You're not all that unusual. In fact, our annuity experts had you in mind when they created a collection of innovative, tax-deferred investments. There are choices ranging from international equity to fixed income portfolios. Perfect for the very cautious investor. The very adventurous investor. And those of you who are a little of both. Ask your financial advisor. Call 1-888-MANULIFE. Or visit www.manulife.com. Whether you're looking for a 401(k) plan, life insurance, or annuities, you'll find, we're smart company for your money.℠

Manulife Financial

BROWN

ALUMNI MAGAZINE

COVER: Cedric Jennings '99 in front of Sayles Hall. Photograph by John Forasté.

Volume 98 • Number 5
May/June 1998

Telling Tales

MARION ETTLINGER

Five years ago, author and critic Thomas Mallon '73 spoke at one of Brown's popular Saturday Commencement forums. By the time he stepped onto the stage, a crowd of twentieth-reunion baby boomers had filled List 120, the auditorium where my dormmate and I had once furiously scribbled notes during Professor Kermit Champa's lectures on French Impressionism.

Tom's topic that day in 1993 was family history as revealed by the sort of prosaic artifacts many folks store in their attics. After his father's death, Tom had been given boxes containing canceled checks dating from the beginning of his parents' postwar marriage. He spent months digging through them, and then used the information to reconstruct a narrative of his parents' lives together – the down payment on the tract house, the doctors' bills, the car payments. Tom's was a typical middle-class childhood of the 1950s and 1960s, replete with balloon-tire bikes and Dick and Jane readers. We laughed as he sketched familiar generational details; in the end, some of us cried, moved by his account of his father's illness and death – all revealed by those mute, canceled checks.

Last winter Tom came to Brown to excavate an especially tumultuous year in his life: 1969–70, our freshman year, a time when small-town kids left home and ran head-on into the social and political ferment on American college campuses, ferment that, at Brown, had helped produce the brand-New Curriculum.

In his essay "The Year of Thinking Dangerously" (page 48), Tom, whose recent books have been historical novels, wryly posits his freshman self as a sort of Age of Aquarius antihero – a sanctimonious grind who took all his courses for letter grades and voted against the May strike. As he combed through old *Brown Daily Herald*s in the archives last winter, Tom would drag selected volumes to my office. Together we'd howl at the photographs of our contemporaries in flared bell-bottoms and John Lennon glasses, at the notices of sit-ins, Zero Population Growth meetings, and folk concerts at the Rubicon coffeehouse on Thayer Street.

But we also recalled just how scared and out of place we had felt at Brown. Many of our classmates were prep-school graduates from backgrounds of considerable wealth. For the first time, we white suburban kids encountered large numbers of blacks and a smattering of Asians. Most jarring of all, at Brown so many students were *really smart*; our high school honor-roll laurels meant nothing.

The memory of that fish-out-of-water feeling helped me appreciate the more profound culture shock experienced during his freshman year by Cedric Jennings '99, the subject of "A Hope in the Unseen" (page 34). As several of us on the *BAM* staff sifted through a proof copy of reporter Ron Suskind's new book of the same name, we found ourselves pulled into Cedric's journey from the ghetto to the Green. It was almost impossible not to fall in love with this principled young man, to feel your heart break as he met discouragement along the way, to cheer out loud when he aced a calculus exam.

As this issue of the *BAM* goes in the mail, Tom Mallon is preparing to celebrate his twenty-fifth reunion, and Cedric Jennings is about to embark on a national publicity tour for Suskind's book. Each man's story is extremely different, yet both recall the heady intellectual adventure and the hard work of self-discovery undertaken by all freshmen, everywhere.

Anne Hinman Diffily '73
Editor

BROWN
ALUMNI MAGAZINE

May/June 1998
Volume 98, No. 5

Editor Anne Hinman Diffily '73
Managing Editor Norman Boucher
Art Director Kathryn de Boer
Assistant Editor Chad Galts
Business Manager Pamela M. Parker
Editorial Associate Torri Still '97
Contributing Editors Shea Dean '92, Peter Mandel '81 A.M., Jennifer Sutton, Karen Wargo
Photography John Foraste
Design Sandra Delany, Sandra Kenney
Administrative Assistant Sheila Cournoyer

Local Advertising
Sprague Publishing (401) 294-1238
(401) 294-1239 FAX

National Advertising Representative
Ed Antos, Ivy League Magazine Network
7 Ware Street,
Cambridge, Mass. 02138
(617) 496-7207

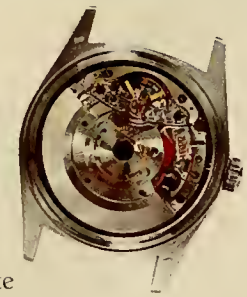
Published bimonthly in September, November, January, March, May, and July by Brown University, Providence, R.I. Printed by The Lane Press, P.O. Box 130, Burlington, Vt 05403. Send changes of address to P.O. Box 1908, Providence, R.I. 02912; (401) 863-2307; Alumni_Records@brown.edu. Send editorial correspondence to Box 1854, Providence, R.I. 02912; (401) 863-2873; FAX (401) 863-9599; Alumni_Magazine@brown.edu. Web site: www.brown.edu./Administration/Brown_Alumni_Magazine/

Address correction requested

PRINTED IN THE U.S.A

The quality of platinum.

The modesty of steel.



One key to the legendary performance of a Rolex timepiece is its Oyster case which combines with the winding crown and synthetic sapphire crystal to protect the Perpetual movement. For the Rolex Day-Date pictured here, the case is sculpted from solid platinum.

Despite its remarkable tensile strength, the luster of platinum is so subtle it doesn't draw unwanted attention to itself. For the discriminating people who choose to invest in this special timepiece, this understated quality is just one more of its distinctive attributes.

Rolex Oyster Perpetual Day-Date in platinum with matching President bracelet and diamond dial. For the name and location of an Official Rolex Jeweler near you, please call 1-800-36ROLEX. Rolex, ♛, Oyster Perpetual, Day-Date, Oyster and President are trademarks

ROLEX

Revisiting Petra

Your article "The Enigma of Petra" (January/February) brought back two pleasant memories. The first was my own visit to Petra in 1994, just after Israel and Jordan had signed a peace treaty. Traversing the *Siq* on horseback to emerge into the sunlight in view of the Treasury was a memorable experience.

The other memory is of Professor Martha Joukowsky '58 addressing the then-fledgling Brown Club of Delaware in 1984. Needing a speaker from Brown, I phoned the alumni office and was advised to contact Martha at home. She quickly agreed to attend our meeting and, on the appointed day, took a train to Wilmington and gave an energetic talk on Brown archaeology.

We are all indebted to Martha for her devotion to Brown. May she have many productive digs.

Arthur N. Green '49
Wilmington, Del.

As a volunteer interviewer for the admission office, I use every resource I can to get Brown's story across to the candidates I meet. Not the least of those resources are specific issues of the *BAM* that I've squirreled away over the years.

If a candidate wants to know about culture and drama, I pull out the December 1993 issue on the new theater arts center. If they're interested in Brown and its surroundings, I produce the February 1995 cover feature, "Destination: College Hill." If they want to know about the beginnings of the New Curriculum, I show them the July 1993 issue featuring Ira Magaziner '69. And if they want to know how they can decide what classes to take, I show them "Shop 'Til You Drop" (November 1990). Another great issue was the one on President Gee (November/December 1997).

JOHN FORASTÉ

You can imagine my pleasure, then, when the January/February issue arrived with Petra on the front cover and the photograph of the Roman Road and the Great Temple on pages 32–33. I walked up and down that Roman Road a half-dozen times in the late 1980s. The candidates I interviewed this winter were absolutely fascinated that Brown had found the temple under all that dirt, and in the story of how the Nabataeans had controlled the trade routes from the Red Sea to Damascus.

So yes, good friends, we do read the *BAM*. All the best wishes for your continued success.

Victor J. Logan '49
Glen Ellyn, Ill.

The Courage of David Rohde

"Betrayal" (January/February) deserves special attention by the country. I hope your article is the keystone of action.

P.S. Yes, I remember Miles Cunat.

Frank J. Gaffney '52
Fort Worth, Tex.

Fishman the Godfather

Thank you for profiling art professor Richard Fishman ("Filling the Canvas," January/February). I am certain hundreds of artists who are his former students cracked smiles when they read that a current student called him a "godfather."

Fishman was a godfather to me, a fairy godfather whose presence floated around the sculpture studio, poking me in the gut and making sure I kept pushing my artwork, asking more questions about what it meant. His pokes made me dig deep into art and the myriad motivations for making it. That's the most important thing I learned as his student: to always keep digging, pushing, asking, and poking around for the real meaning and motivation behind my work.

It doesn't matter if the meaning is truth, beauty, ugliness, power, or pure financial gain. All of these things may serve as the subject of art. What *does* matter is that as an artist, you are deeply aware of the meaning you wish to convey, and that you go for it with gusto. Even if what you want to convey is confusion, doing it honestly, with all your energy, will keep you on the right path as an artist – one that I think Professor Fishman would be proud of.

Jecca '84
Paris

Comrade Clinton

It is too bad Janet Yellen '67 has chosen to believe that Keynesian economics really works ("Clinton's Budgeteer," January/February). Government intervention in markets is a contradiction in terms. A free marketplace is the only market that works, not one saddled by a liberal dose of government controls. Keynesian economics is just another name for socialism, and socialism has never worked anywhere in the world for any period of time worth mentioning.

Also, to claim that Clinton is a centrist in his approach to government is ridiculous, since he has done everything imaginable to expand government's role in health care, education, etc. The only part of government he has reduced is the military, and now the United States is the laughing stock of the world and lacks any true foreign policy.

The "safety net of social programs" is actually a cleverly disguised jobs program for liberal government employees. It is also a self-serving means for liberals to justify their self-worth by proclaiming that they will try to take care of everyone if you just give them lots of money.

Bud Brooks '83
Dallas
bbrooks630@aol.com

TO OUR READERS

Letters are always welcome, and we try to print all we receive. Preference will be given to those that address the content of the magazine. Please limit letters to 200 words. We reserve the right to edit for style, clarity, and length.

Alternative Medicine

I was happy to see your article regarding the discussion of alternative medicine during Primary Care Day ("Patient, Heal Thyself," (Elms January/February). As an acupuncturist since 1980 and a zero balancing practitioner and teacher, however, I am disappointed that all of the presenters were M.D.s. I am not saying this out of disrespect for M.D.s, as I have the highest regard for allopathic medicine. But most M.D.s who practice any form of complementary medicine do not have the full training that others have. For instance, many M.D.s will practice acupuncture after only 100 or 200 hours of training as opposed to the 2,000-plus hours that a trained acupuncturist has.

In addition, most complementary practitioners have a very different paradigm. We look at the whole individual – body, mind, emotions, and spirit – and see how best we can help each unique person come to better health. I do not "fix" anyone or any problem. Instead, I view my work as helping individuals get healthier and work on healing themselves. Crucial to this is taking a detailed history and spending at least thirty minutes with the patient at each treatment. I know that in this day and age, most M.D.s unfortunately can't spend this amount of time with their patients.

IDARAND/ARENTSEN

As complementary medical therapies move into the mainstream, it is good to hear that medical students at Brown are showing some interest in how these other approaches may help their future patients. I have long believed we need practitioners of many different modalities to best serve our health interests. No one system has all the answers.

Bob Brown '74
Baltimore
zhbob@aol.com

In the Groove

Torri Still's article on Groove with Me ("Role Models with Rhythm," The Classes, January/February) was a beautiful glimpse into this free dance program for low-income girls in New York City. Readers of the *BAM* who agree that addressing the causes of teenage parenthood, broken families, gangs, and substance abuse is more effective than treating their effects should contact us at (212) 505-5995; 70 E. 3rd St., #9, New York City 10003. There are many ways to get involved, including participating with the kids, helping us connect with resources, coming to performances and fund-raisers, and, of course, making a donation.

We are a small, grassroots nonprofit organization, less than two years old, that is already making a big difference for kids. We urge everyone to help ensure the survival of this program.

Abigail Rosin '94
New York City
The writer is the founder and director of Groove with Me. – Editor

Meditations on Marcus

I enjoyed Brian Floca's encounter with Marcus Aurelius ("Pagan's Progress," January/February), but I don't buy the claim that scholars find Marcus's *Meditations* "the greatest literary work by a Roman." *Degustibus non disputandum*, but if *BAM* would do an informal poll of the classics department, I doubt if anyone would put Marcus in the top twenty.

The only person I know who rates the *Meditations* so highly is President Clinton, who claims it's his favorite book after the Bible. I'll leave it to others to assess Clinton's scholarship and adherence to Stoic doctrine, but I don't want any of the *BAM*'s readers opening the *Meditations* and thinking, "Is *this* the best the Romans can do?"

Ken Mayer '88
Iowa City, Iowa
kmayer@blue.weeg.uiowa.edu

The article refers to Constantine the Great as "the emperor who had legalized Christianity in 395." Constantine did indeed establish the toleration of Christianity under his Edict of Milan of 313. But he was in no position to legalize anything in 395: Constantine died in 337.

Henry J. Stevens '68
Portsmouth, R.I.

During my time at Brown, a story circulated regarding the unveiling of the Marcus Aurelius statue. It alleged that prior to the removal of the canvas from the statue, some pranksters had placed a few shovelfuls of horse manure beneath it.

Please let me know if there is any truth to this delightful tale.

Arthur C. Gentile '51 Sc.M.
Bloomington, Ind.

According to University Archivist Martha Mitchell, photographs of the unveiling reveal no manure under the statue. – Editor

Boosting the Graduate School

I was greatly excited and heartened to read that President E. Gordon Gee ("Good-bye, Columbus; Hello, College Hill," November/December) plans to make the Graduate School "one of [his] highest priorities." As I am sure President Gee is aware, the quality of a graduate program depends greatly on the caliber of graduate students it can attract. However, several recent Ph.D.s have mentioned to me that they are dissatisfied with their graduate experience at Brown and actively discourage prospective grad students from attending. Such negative word of mouth is highly lamentable, and every effort should be made to address this situation.

I encourage President Gee to remember the graduate students in his "hope to have every student over for dinner during their time at the University." I urge him to listen to the unique concerns of graduate students and to try to improve their conditions. Any such improvements must be made from the top down and the bottom up; the Graduate School by itself is powerless to make such improvements without the support of Brown's administration. At the same time, improvements at the graduate level are meaningless if departments or advisers fail to meet students' needs.

Irene Antonenko '95 Sc.M.
Toronto
antonenk@porter.geo.brown.edu
The writer, a Ph.D. candidate in geological sciences, was president of the Graduate Student Council in 1996. – Editor

Whose Brown?

In his letter "Off the Mark" (Mail, January/February), Robert Sarno '86 took issue with this statement from President Gee's letter of introduction to alumni: "It is my sincere hope that in the coming years Brown will not be seen as a distant place isolated on a hill, surrounded by an academic Berlin Wall." Sarno advised the president to gain an insider's perspective shaped by the University's philosophy and practice: "I sincerely hope he comes to understand Brown better."

As a graduate of Brown's M.A.T. program, a five-year University employee, and a ten-year resident of Providence and Pawtucket, Rhode Island, I think it's at least equally important to understand how Brown is perceived by others in the wider community. It's too easy for Brown to get stuck on what it gives to the community without seriously considering what it gets and how its actions are viewed.

Why not invite representatives from community groups and local public schools to provide an external review of the University? In the process, the reviewers would learn more about the Univer-

sity, and Brown would learn about and from members of the surrounding community. And it would begin to address a crucial question: Does Brown belong first and foremost to the higher-education community at large, or to the community in which it physically resides?

David Allen '88 M.A.T.
Pawtucket, R.I.

Technological Peephole

I read with interest the column by Jocelyn Hale '85 ("Wrong Number," Finally, January/February), in which she describes some of the ethical and practical dilemmas she has faced since obtaining Caller ID. At the end of the article, she asks, "Have we lost something with all this advance warning?"

I don't think so. Because we grew up with telephones that did not give us advance warning, we believed it was "right" to not know the identity of the caller before picking up the phone. Why should the phone be any different from my front door?

Caller ID is my technological peephole. It has been an effective device for identifying calls from telemarketers, most of whose phone numbers show up as "unavailable" on my little box.

Irvin Lustig '83
Princeton, N.J.
irv@dizzy.cplex.com

Vanity Unfair

I recently read an article titled "School for Glamour" in the February issue of *Vanity Fair* magazine. Writer Jennet Conant portrays a Brown University that receives more than 15,000 applications a year because it is a trendy club for the children of the wealthy and a "four-year vacation school" for the rest of its students, rather than a school with high academic standards.

I never read *Vanity Fair* and ordinarily would not have known about the article. But a friend called me to say that Brown had been filled with "Euro-Trash." I attributed her comment to jealousy, since no one in her family had ever been admitted to Brown.

Upon reading the article, I wondered if *Vanity Fair* is published by the same people who publish the *National Enquirer* or the *Star*. The writing is just as sensational and unprofessional.

Recognizing that there will always be detractors from Brown's popularity and excellence, I hope President E. Gordon Gee will bring us a more positive image in the media.

David Kramer '53
New York City

Wrestling With Title IX

I don't disagree with Marcia Goetz ("All in Favor, Say Neigh," Mail, January/February) concerning Title IX's benefits to female athletes. The benefits have been dramatic and long overdue. My objection is to the Department of Education's "proportionality rule," which is not found in Title IX and is a euphemism for a gender quota.

Instead of adding opportunities for women, colleges are cutting men's sports and capping their rosters to achieve "proportionality." The NCAA's 1997 gender-equity study, for instance, shows that for every athletic opportunity added for women between 1992 and 1997, NCAA colleges, on average, eliminated 3.4 opportunities for men. Division III schools (which don't offer athletic scholarships) eliminated 9,000 roster positions (12 percent of the total) for men while adding only 178 positions for women.

Ms. Goetz is rightfully pleased with the improved caliber of women's hockey since she played for Brown. I wrestled for Brown around the same time, and like Ms. Goetz I am also proud of what my team has achieved since then. Unlike women's hockey, though, which is growing and which no administrator in the country would dare cut, my sport is described by *Sports Illustrated* as "dying" and "in a Title IX free-fall." It's not dying from lack of funds, since wrestling is one of the least expensive sports. Nor is it suffering from lack of interest; wrestling is the sixth-most-popular high school sport.

Men's sports are being cut to satisfy quotas, and wrestling in particular is in danger of being destroyed. This scorched-earth policy advances a political agenda, but it has little to do with ending discrimination and even less to do with fairness for athletes.

Bob Christin '69
Washington Grove, Md.

Sizer's Kids

I read the editor's column announcing Professor of Education Ted Sizer's retirement ("Sizer's Vision," Here & Now, November/December) with much sadness. I first learned of Sizer and his Nine Common Principles in the March 1986 *BAM*. I knew my sons would flourish in a school demonstrating those principles, and I suspected most other students would, too.

As a member of the Livermore, California, school board, I heard Ted Sizer speak once, early in my first term, and it was easy to know why he commanded such attention. As he speaks of the children in our schools, he radiates respect for them, *all* of them. Most education professionals avoid using the *k*-word when they speak of students. I've heard educators and others speak of "children," "students," "youth," "charges," and "youngsters." They know they can't say "kids" and make it come out right. From their mouths, "kids" sounds casual or offhand, somehow diminishing students' status.

When Sizer says "kids," however – as in "Kids just don't come in neat packages of thirty" – the respect in his voice elevates the problem to one worthy of attention. His tone also imparts honor and stature to those trying to resolve the many problems in American education today.

Many thanks to Ted Sizer for his care, attention, and obvious respect for our children.

Anne E. White '65
Livermore, Calif.
white@ricochet.net

Trombone Memories

Reading the *BAM* is something I always look forward to. You never know what you will find, and it's great reading.

The January/February issue provided a nice surprise. On pages 58 and 59, I found a picture with my father, Myron S. Hackett '30, looking out at me across the years. The photo of the Brown Orchestra was courtesy of Warren "Rabbit" Leonard, my father's high school and college classmate, his college roommate, his Boy Scout buddy, and his fellow musician. They were both from Brockton, Massachusetts. My father is in the back of the photograph on the left, holding a trombone.

Thanks, Warren.

Doug Hackett '61
Potomac, Md.
doug.hackett@gsc.gte.com

Writing John McIntyre

JOHN FORASTÉ

In October, my brother, John K. McIntyre '39, the recently retired assistant to six Brown presidents, suffered a stroke. After more than fifty years of living in the Providence area, John has moved to a nursing home in Illinois to be closer to members of his family.

His many friends may wish to write John at his present address: Park Strathmoor, Room A–3, 5668 Strathmoor Dr., Rockford, Ill. 61107.

Robert E. McIntyre
Hilton Head, S.C.

Those Old Rivalries

May I offer a few observations on Brown's archrivals, or lack thereof, as discussed in "Rivals: An Informal Survey" (Sports, January/February)?

My father graduated from Brown in 1905, and as a kid rummaging around in his yearbook and other Brown memorabilia, I got the impression that our big football rival was Dartmouth. But if that was the case, the steam went out of that rivalry long ago, because Dartmouth simply won too often. Furthermore, in the years before the formal establishment of the Ivy League, we played Dartmouth only every few years.

Our natural geographic rival might be Harvard, but they've got Yale as well as the rivalry long stirred up by the Boston media – namely, that with Dartmouth. When I was at Brown, we had mass rallies before the Yale football game, which was always the first game in November. After the rallies, we would swarm down the Hill and give the team a sendoff at the railroad station. In my sophomore year, there were 50,000 people at the Yale Bowl. When will you ever see a crowd like that again at an Ivy League game?

As far as I'm concerned, every team we play with any semblance of regularity, particularly from the Northeast, is a traditional rival. Let's beat 'em all.

Allan Nanes '41
Thousand Oaks, Calif.

Tackling Tough Questions

The departure of Head Coach Mark Whipple '79 was a disappointment, of course, and raises questions about the future of Brown football. When he came here four years ago as one of the most promising young coaches in the country, my impression was that Mark anticipated a long relationship with Brown, both professional and personal. If Harvard and Yale could enjoy long-term associations with Joe Restic and Carm Cozza, Brown could do it with Mark Whipple.

I've been advised by our administration that this was not the understanding or expectation of either party and that Mark's objective is to coach big-time football. Understandably, remaining at Brown for a long period would not further that cause. It's still unclear to me, though, how moving to the University of Massachusetts better positions Mark to achieve his long-term goal. Good-bye, Mark, I wish you the best. Hello, Phil Estes, I wish you the best. But we shouldn't stop at that. Where is Brown football going? Are there some things we need to do differently?

A lot of us alumni are not looking for an Ivy championship every year. We wish for a competitive, interesting team, averaging .500 or a little better, winning the title every eight to ten years. Those seem like reasonable expectations, given that Brown and its competition operate under the same standards. In order to achieve such a record, we can't keep turning over our head coach every four years. We can't have our recruits saying or thinking, "Coach, I like you, but will you still be there when I'm a sophomore?"

Let's contact our new president, Gordon Gee, who is obviously from good football country, and Dave Roach, our athletic director, and offer our ideas, assistance, and support. We should insist on consistently competitive teams, aided by reasonable continuity within the coaching staff.

George Rollinson '57
Bristol, R.I.

Armenian Genocide

I was happy to read Barbara Bejoian's review of my memoir *Black Dog of Fate* ("The Melting Pot," Books, January/February), but I am concerned that the word *genocide* was not once used in the review. Since the word is essential to my memoir and I use it dozens of times in the book, I find this omission odd and unsettling.

Genocide is the sociologically accurate term for the annihilation of the Armenians by the Turkish government in 1915. Raphael Lempkin, who coined the term in 1944, saw the 1915 massacre as a seminal example of genocide. At its annual meeting in June 1997, the Association of Genocide Scholars unanimously passed a resolution affirming that the extermination of the Armenians is a case of genocide, one that complies with the definitions articulated in the 1947 United Nations genocide convention.

Given the long, corrupt history of the Turkish government's denial of the Armenian genocide, a failure to use this term strikes a particularly painful nerve among Armenian Americans. Just as the Jewish community would take exception to such a treatment of the Holocaust, so does the Armenian community – and all people who value the importance of truthful history and commemoration.

Peter Balakian '80 Ph.D.
Hamilton, N.Y.

While waiting for his wife, Constance, to take her seat beside him, Gee chats with Dean of Student Life Robin Rose and the rest of his invited guests. Below, a scene from *Starship Troopers*.

JOHN FORASTÉ

SONY IMAGEWORKS

Dinner and a Movie

Gordon Gee has a date with his wife. Five hundred students tag along.

A SMALL SCHOOL has its advantages. Brown offers a low student-to-faculty ratio, intimate classes, and a generally convivial, small-town atmosphere. So when Gordon Gee – who grew up in a town of 2,000 people – and his wife, Constance, decided to go out for movie and pizza one night in March, they invited along every Brown student stranded in Providence for spring break. Gee bought up all the seats in Thayer Street's Avon Theater, asked the cooks at Andrews Hall to fire up the pizza ovens, and selected his snazziest bow tie for a night out with 500 of his closest friends.

It was a giddy evening, and a welcome night out for those students stuck on campus to play catch-up in their courses or unable to afford plane tickets to Fort Lauderdale. For example, Aixa Almonte '00, a visual-arts concentrator from Columbus, Georgia, had to finish a paper, polish some drawings, and take a make-up exam for her group independent study project in Tagalog, a language of the Philippines. Her friend, Thuy Anh Le '00, just wanted to relax. "My friends were all talking about going to London, Cancun, the Bahamas," said Le, a public-policy concentrator from California who couldn't afford to go home for spring break. "I just want to sleep."

After the Avon had filled to capacity, one especially grateful student rushed to the front of the theater to lead the crowd in a rousing, if slightly off-key, rendition of "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow" aimed at Gee. The president appreciated the sentiment. "This is the first time I've taken a whole group to the movies," he confided as the lights dimmed and the curtain parted in the arty, old-style movie house. The event was pure Gee: an unscripted social gathering that allowed him to mingle casually with his guests. "It's an opportunity for Constance and me to meet some students," he said, "which has both intended

and unintended consequences."

Showing at the Avon that night was *Starship Troopers*, which opened with a futuristic newsreel showing a battlefield littered with decapitated, dismembered, and otherwise mutilated human corpses. A voice-over explained that a group of Mormon missionaries on a distant planet had been attacked by a race of giant bugs at Fort Joseph Smith, their newly established outpost. Gee, who had not seen *Starship Troopers* before the screening and who's Mormon, found the irony irresistible. "Let me tell you," he said later, cracking a wide smile, "I was a little worried at first, but as soon as they started making fun of Mormons I knew I was all right."

The procession up to the Crystal Room in Alumnae Hall after the movie lacked the formality of a Commencement march, but the participants were no less ardent to reach their destination: free food. Students crowded around tables or pulled up stretches of carpet, stuffing themselves with pizza and ice cream as the Gees worked the room. "I'm Gordon Gee!" the president said to each student in his nasal voice. "So! How are things going?" Constance, who punctuated her more soft-spoken approach with a quick trip to the long food line, made sure her garrulous husband paused long enough between breaths to eat.

Elsewhere around the room, students spoke animatedly about the film, whose violence raised a few eyebrows. "I have to say I'm a little surprised that Gordon Gee decided to see this movie with a group of students," said David Kantro '01, who had already seen *Starship Troopers* twice. "It's the goriest film I can think of."

Yimei Chng '96, a second-year medical student, pointed out to Dean of Student Life Robin Rose, who had also been at the showing, that the comic-book nature of the violence made it difficult to take seriously. "It was totally meant to be OTT," Chng said.

Rose's brow wrinkled at the acronym.

"You know," Chng explained, "over the top."

The dean nodded.

For the most part, though, the film's loony violence did little to diminish the students' appetites. By the time the evening was over, students had managed to down 816 slices of pizza, 600 Ben & Jerry's ice cream bars, and 720 cans of soda. Late in the evening, with pizza-sated students filing out around him, Gee made a final tour of the room to say hello to the workers who'd been serving the pizza and ice cream, as well as to the plant operations workers shoveling piles of greasy plates and sticky wrappers into trash containers. Finally, casting a look around to see if there were any unshaken hands left in the room, Gordon Gee joined Constance by the door and decided to call it a night. – *Chad Galts*

SINCE LAST TIME...

The University adopted a code of conduct requiring companies that manufacture clothing featuring the Brown name to pay **fair wages** and provide **safe working conditions**....A mere 17 percent of a record 15,486 **applicants** were **accepted** to the class of 2002....The **Brown Derbies** and the **Chattertocks** together won five **awards** from the Contemporary a Cappella Society of America, including best male collegiate soloist (the Derbies' Joel Begleiter '98), best male collegiate song (the Derbies), and runner-up for best female collegiate album (the Chattertocks)....**Tuition and fees** for 1998–99 will rise 3.9 percent, from $29,900 to $31,060....Longtime Fed-watcher Professor of Economics William Poole, who will continue as an adjunct professor, was named **president of the Federal Reserve Bank** of St. Louis....The Watson Institute for International Studies announced it would build a **$15 million building** on the corner of Thayer and Benevolent streets by the year 2000.

JOHN FORASTÉ

Greg "Chocolate Man" D'Alesandre (left) and Joel Firehammer with their winning dishes.

Culinary Engineers

Combining good science and good eats

REAL MEN may not watch the Food Channel, but at least two male scientists think they should. Amateur culinary enthusiasts Joel Firehammer '90 and Greg D'Alesandre '95, '96 Sc.M. are engineers by day, but it was their culinary skill that garnered them top honors this spring in the Men-Who-Cook Contest in Seekonk, Massachusetts. Firehammer's Mexican garlic soup won for best appetizer, and D'Alesandre's chocolate paté with champagne *sabignon* and a seedless raspberry *coulis* blew away the dessert competition.

Firehammer, a graduate student in electrical engineering with a passion for Mexican cuisine, spends his days in Barus and Holley doing research on a laser-powered video projection device that he hopes will some day replace film projectors in movie theaters. D'Alesandre – "the chocolate man" to some of his friends – is lead programmer

and computer-systems administrator at Spectra Science, which uses technology developed by Professor of Engineering and Physics Nabil Lawandy to distinguish individual pieces of cloth. (Lawandy is also Firehammer's academic adviser.)

"Cooking is a lot of science," Firehammer insists. Knowing how ingredients will react to a simmer instead of a rolling boil, for example, can make the difference between a well-textured minestrone and one that looks like oatmeal. Firehammer's pet peeve is an imprecisely salted soup. "People either don't put enough in and it's bland," he says, "or they put in too much and then throw in a bunch of other seasonings to keep it from tasting too salty."

The spare-time chefs wondered what they'd gotten themselves into when they showed up for the contest. "There were all these people with elaborate, enormous setups – some even called in florists," D'Alesandre says. "My presentation involved a slab of marble and a loaf of paté." The judges, however, weren't eating with their eyes. D'Alesandre's creation, a slice of dense chocolate mousse topped by a dollop of heavy cream whipped with egg yolks and champagne and served with the *coulis* (a kind of sweet sauce) as garnish, won him two fifty-dollar gift certificates to a local restaurant. Firehammer's soup – an intense garlic broth served over freshly chopped tomatoes, green onions, avocado, and cheese – netted him six months of free cable television.

Both men have culinary ambitions. Firehammer wants to write a vegetarian cookbook for non-vegetarians. "Just because you're a vegetarian doesn't mean you can't eat well," he says. And D'Alesandre says he repeatedly asks himself one question about the future: "Can I make enough money being an engineer to open a chocolate store?" – *Chad Galts*

Eureka, Europa

Looking for life on a Jupiter moon

NASA/BROWN PLANETARY GEOLOGY GROUP

A very high resolution image taken by Galileo from a distance of 540 miles (top) shows icy plates that probably broke apart and moved laterally when the surface was slush or water. The cliffs are a few hundred feet high, and the blocks of debris below them are the size of house. A few are as big as the Rhode Island state capitol, the large white building in the upper left of the bottom image, which shows Providence at the same scale.

The universe, scientists tell us, is an expanding place. So if there is life out there somewhere, where would you begin to look? According to Professor of Geological Sciences James Head and three of his fellow Brown researchers, you may not have to look far. In March, the group made national news when they reported that Europa, one of Jupiter's four moons, appears to have the ingredients necessary for life.

At a campus press conference jointly held by Brown and NASA on March 2, Head unveiled dramatic photos taken a few months before by the *Galileo* spacecraft – photos so detailed that scientists are able to pick out objects on Europa's surface the size of a large truck. According to Head, the images show patterns of surface debris that "strengthen evidence for the idea that there is a subsurface of warm, slushy material." The existence of such an underground ocean would indicate that, despite a surface temperature of 260 degrees below zero, the moon has sufficient heat, water, and organic material for life to develop.

Describing the evidence for a liquid ocean at the press conference were graduate students Geoffrey Collins and Louise Prockter and postdoctoral researcher Robert Pappalardo, all of whom, like Head, are members of the *Galileo* imaging team. Collins described a shallow crater on the surface of Europa named Pwyll, whose shape suggests "that flowing ice or slush filled it in pretty quickly," much like honey flowing up into a bowl. Pappalardo pointed out large blocks in one of the *Galileo* photos that were configured like icebergs floating in a "rough, jumbled matrix" that more closely resembles slush than water that has frozen solid. The images, he said, "suggest that the surface was warm and slushy at one time." Finally, Prockter, who has studied mid-ocean ridges on Earth, described patterns of striations on the surface and ice sheets that appear to have moved apart, like tectonic plates floating on an ocean.

Definitive answers about the existence of a subsurface ocean could come early next century, after another spacecraft is launched toward Europa in late 2003. The orbiter, which will reach Europa about five years later, will not only prove or disprove the existence of an ocean, but also should be able to measure its depth.

Head and his team are betting that the ocean's existence will be confirmed. "We are now 80 to 90 percent sure," Pappalardo concludes. Then again, he won't be 100 percent certain, he says, "until I can go swim in it." – *Norman Boucher*

AP PHOTO/JOE MARQUETTE

Bobby Jindal takes the measure of Capitol Hill in Washington.

Whiz Kid

Mr. Jindal goes to Washington

"WHY IS IT," a teacher once asked Piyush "Bobby" Jindal '92 when he was in elementary school, "that all Indians are so smart and well-behaved?" The question, although intended as a compliment, struck at the heart of one of the most enduring stereotypes about Asian Americans. "She thought there was a secret that we all knew," Jindal said during a visit to campus in February. "I, being a smart-aleck, told her it was the food."

The anecdote was one of many that Jindal, a Louisiana native whose parents are from India, related in an Asian-American History Month lecture titled "Asian Americans in Politics." The stories, which Jindal stressed weren't intended to be proscriptive, illustrated his own confusion over growing up – and eventually returning to work – in the deep South, where tension between Caucasians and African Americans often overshadows the stories of other ethnic minorities.

A rising political star at the age of twenty-seven, Jindal stopped on campus shortly after becoming executive director of the National Bipartisan Commission on the Future of Medicare, a seventeen-member panel set up by the White House and Congress under the 1997 budget agreement. The biology and public-policy concentrator gained national attention after a stint as Louisiana's secretary of health and hospitals. Appointed at twenty-four, the former Rhodes Scholar eliminated the department's $400 million deficit and created a $170 million surplus within two years.

Jindal used his Salomon lecture as an occasion for reminiscing about being Indian American in Louisiana. Except for the occasional insensitive remark, such as the question from his elementary-school teacher, or the time he was called a "dirty Indian" on the playground, Jindal said he didn't think a lot about his own race while growing up in Baton Rouge. But at age four, he was tired of repeatedly spelling Piyush, his given name, for people, so he started calling himself Bobby, after a character on *The Brady Bunch*.

"Kids teased African Americans a lot more than they teased Asian Americans," he recalled. "People were either classified as African Americans or 'not.' I was placed in the 'not' category." Later, when the governor introduced his cabinet to the press, a reporter asked about the "all-white" group. The governor did not point out that his cabinet did, in fact, include one person of color.

As a student at Brown, Jindal said he "wasn't very self-aware" and was surprised when he was approached one day by an Indian-American father and son who were visiting campus. "They didn't know me, but they singled me out and approached me, asking me to talk about Brown," Jindal remembers. "They assumed that my values were the same as theirs. It's like we were in a secret club because we looked the same way."

The patchwork of anecdotes – variously amusing, disturbing, and touching – coalesced in a serious point: "I can't tell you how to be Asian American," Jindal said. "No longer are we [clustered] in certain professions or geographies." Looking out into the audience of future Asian-American leaders, Jindal smiled. "I hope you're excited about the diversity, too."

– Torri Still

The Bittersweet Prize

A Brown playwright wins a Pulitzer

PAULA VOGEL's play *How I Learned to Drive*, which won a Pulitzer in April, seemed to be special from the start. Vogel, a professor of English and theater, says the play sailed from first draft to Broadway with astonishing speed. "It just happened," she says. "I rewrote less than 10 percent of this play after that first draft."

What's more, her parents loved the result, despite the play's focus on a girl's struggle to free herself from a charmingly seductive sexual predator who also happens to be her uncle. "They had a sense that this was going to happen," Vogel recalls, adding that for her the Pulitzer is tinged with sadness: both her parents have died since *How I Learned to Drive* opened in New York.

The loss is still sinking in as Vogel tries to cope with the incessant phone calls and nonstop publicity the Pultizer has unleashed. By late April she had ordered a separate phone line to deal with the extra calls. "I'm hoping that once some of the smoke clears away I'll be able to spend a little time thinking about my mother and father," she says. "I'm trying to book in a little quiet time."

Vogel is halfway through a two-year leave from Brown's graduate playwriting program, which she has headed since 1985. She hopes to return, but admits that, despite a love for teaching, balancing stage and classroom can be tricky. "Unlike other forms of writing," says the author of twenty-two plays, "with playwriting you have to spend the time to write, the time to workshop, the time to produce. You can't phone in your rewrites. It's a tremendous load." The Pulitzer

CAROL ROSEGG

Paula Vogel

JOHN TORSTE

News Director Jane Spencer in the WBRU studio: learning, doing, and then passing it on.

and the death of her parents, Vogel adds, has her reexamining her priorities for the future.

How significant is a Pulitzer Prize to a playwright? Before the prize was announced, *How I Learned to Drive* was scheduled to open in thirty productions around the world – including the New England premiere at Providence's Trinity Repertory Theater on May 17. One day after the Pulitzer announcement, however, that number had gone up to fifty-one. – *Chad Galts*

Self-Taught Radio

WBRU – News Station of the Year

When Jane Spencer '99, learned that WBRU's news department had won six Associated Press awards for excellence in broadcast journalism, she was thrilled but not entirely surprised. After all, the department took five awards in the Massachusetts/Rhode Island college category just last year. What did surprise Spencer, WBRU's news director, however, was the station's winning 1997 News Station of the Year honors in its division, a first for the Brown-affiliated commercial radio station.

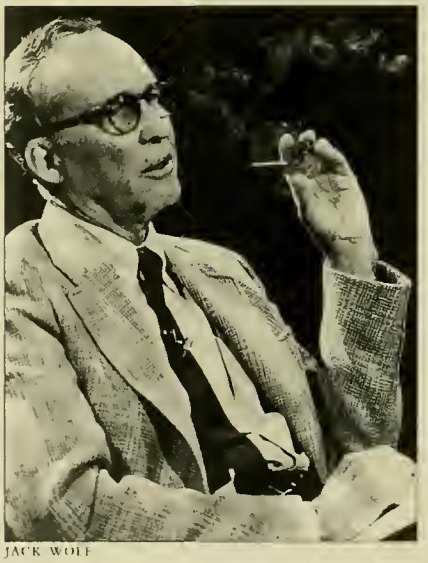
And what a division it is. Massachusetts has such broadcasting powerhouses as Emerson College in Boston and a number of other schools able to tap into resident broadcast-journalism departments. WBRU not only lacks the support of a journalism department, it doesn't even have a faculty adviser. The teaching that takes place within the station's Benevolent Street office is all student to student. Spencer, for example, learned news directing from Tori Kronhaus '99, last year's news director. This kind of peer teaching must be working. Spencer was responsible for two of the four stories that picked up this year's first-place Associated Press awards: a piece on the Native American Graves and Repatriation Act, which forces museums to give back certain Native American artifacts, and a feature on sleep disorders.

Spencer's stories aired as part of WBRU's weekly fifteen-minute newsmagazine, *The Point*, as did a series on the revitalization of downtown Providence that earned Pari Shah '00 and Zach Block '99 a first-place award for continuing coverage. Interviewing prominent government officials is one of the many perks of working at WBRU, says Shah, who talked to Providence Mayor Vincent ("Buddy") Cianci for her *Point* series. "It's cool that people in Providence respect us as a real radio station," she says. "We get to cover things, like the Democratic and Republican National Conventions, that students wouldn't [normally] be able to cover."

As for her award, Shah says that it brings responsibility with it: "The people who trained me won an award, and I finally won mine. What they taught me, I get to teach to an intern." – *Torri Still*

The Bookman

Remembering a publishing giant



JACK WOLF

James Laughlin, who bequeathed more than 4,000 rare books and manuscripts to Brown before his death last November.

Even though he doesn't live here anymore, Robert Creeley still looks like a New England poet. With his flannel shirt and modest manner, he seems like the guy from next door – a friendly man who just happens to be the creator of spare, lyrical poems that have influenced two generations of poets. The author of more than seventy volumes of poetry, prose, and plays, Creeley was on campus in March to celebrate the late James Laughlin, founder and, for sixty years, head of the pioneering New Directions publishing company.

Creeley's reading to a standing-room-only crowd at Carmichael Auditorium kicked off a three-day memorial tribute to Laughlin sponsored by the Program in Creative Writing. In addition to readings and panel discussions by more than a dozen New Directions authors and translators, the tribute featured a first glimpse of Laughlin's own gift to Brown – a collection of more than 4,000 rare books and manuscripts that Samuel Streit, associate librarian for special collections, calls "a major windfall for Brown libraries."

Creeley read from *Life and Death*, his latest New Directions poetry collection, and reminisced about Laughlin, who provided a first, and much-needed, venue for such writers as Ezra Pound,

Gertrude Stein, Vladimir Nabokov, Nathanael West '24, William Carlos Williams, and Brown Professor Emeritus of English Edwin Honig. "What he provided," Creeley said, "was a sense of being able to write without constriction, without the distraction of the sense that you can't say that, it's not possible, it's not permissible. [Laughlin's] extraordinary provision brought together a remarkable company of writers that it was an honor to belong to."

On display at the Annmary Brown Memorial during the New Directions festival were such literary treasures as signed, limited-edition volumes by Ezra Pound and William Carlos Williams, as well as those authors' rare page proofs, on which they had written annotations and corrections.

According to Streit, Laughlin's interest in Brown began when Professor Emeritus of English John Hawkes invited him to teach as a guest lecturer in the English department. "Laughlin had a very good time guest-lecturing here," Streit said. "He liked the faculty, he liked the students, and he liked the library." Shortly before Laughlin's death late last year, Streit says, the publisher called "out of the blue and asked if Brown would be interested in acquiring his library."

The Laughlin gift came in two parts. The first, a bequest set up by Laughlin, consists of his collection of four major American writers: Ezra Pound, William Carlos Williams, Gertrude Stein, and Thomas Merton. The second part was initiated by Laughlin's widow, Gertrude Huston Laughlin, who, Streit says, "asked me to go through the rest of [his] library and take whatever I wanted for Brown."

When it is complete later this spring, the Laughlin collection will make Brown an important stop for scholars trying to understand a group of major writers who found their audience through James Laughlin. "Getting to New Directions," Robert Creeley reminded his listeners, "meant being given a place at the table." – *Lori Baker '86 A.M.*

Art Attack

A conference looks at creativity and its consequences

ONCE UPON a time an artist could work alone on a poem, painting, or play and know with some certainty that it would be loved and understood by a like-minded audience. But if such a world ever existed, it vanished long ago. Instead – as the eighteenth *Providence Journal*–Brown University Public Affairs Conference demonstrated in late February – the arts have become a battleground of the culture wars. Government officials, businessmen, teachers, foundation directors, and – oh, yes – artists skirmish not only over such basic questions as what constitutes good art, but also over who should pay for it, what messages are appropriate in it, and where and when kids should be exposed to it. The title of this year's conference may have been "The Arts in America," but it was the subtitle, "Creativity and Controversy," that more accurately summed up the week.

Kicking off the five evenings of panels, speeches, and readings on February 23 was *Time* art critic Robert Hughes, who set a provocative tone by describing himself as an unrepentant elitist. The author of *The Culture of Complaint*, in fact, called not for an end to elitism, but for an infusion of it into art criticism, which, he said, has become diminished by identity politics. Hughes stressed that art should be judged by the "skills, talents, and imagination of the artist." Judgment, he added, should not be tinged with "the odious brush of gender and racial discrimination."

Hughes suggested to the overflow audience in the Salomon Center that the constraints of identity politics reach far beyond the field of art criticism. "The air is full of declarations of identity and victim status: 'It's a black thing, a white thing, a woman thing,' " he said. Such an approach is "a substitute for thought." The problem, he argued, is "too many artists for the base to support." Artists whose work is unrecognized attribute it to racism and sexism, but not all artists are wrongly ignored. "Most art made by blacks and Asians is mediocre," the Australian native asserted, pausing for dramatic effect. "Most art made by whites is mediocre. Under the rubric of self-esteem, we are supporting ethnicity and difference rather than looking for true excellence."

Hughes complained that the "elitist" label – a term he has come to embrace – is an equal-opportunity epithet, employed by everyone from Newt Gingrich to "left-wing performance artists." He continued, "To be called an elitist

JOHN FORASTÉ

Shana Harvey '99 and Adam Arian '99 performed a snippet of Sweeney Todd on the first night of the Arts in America conference.

today is like being called a communist sympathizer forty years ago. It requires no proof. Both sides use it, but it is an unexamined term." Judgments of quality, he said, are now seen as undemocratic, but as a critic "some things do just turn you on. It's your duty to explain why."

By the time Poet Laureate Robert Pinsky walked onto the Salomon Center stage on February 27, the audience was ready to hear something a little different. They had heard about politics from Frank Hodsell, the former director of the National Endowment for the Arts; about education from Assistant Professor of Public Policy and Education Constance Bumgarner Gee; and about good and bad art from an entire panel of newspaper critics. Now they wanted some art.

Square-jawed, with cropped salt-and-pepper hair, Pinsky looked and sounded like a smart street-corner philosopher. For the next hour, wearing a dark collarless shirt and black jacket, he delivered poetry and wit in the blue-collar locutions of his native New Jersey.

Two opposing motivations fuel the creative impulse, Pinsky began. On the one hand, art represents an effort to please people. "'I made this, Mom,'" he joked, imitating a child holding out a crayon drawing. "And then [Mom] puts it on the refrigerator." But artists are also rebels, he continued. In his own case, as a teenage saxophonist he was angry with a society that didn't value "sensitive young men" as much as macho athletes. "My history as a writer has been trying to be cussed, trying to argue back," he said.

Pinsky's poetry goes beyond cussedness, however. A renowned translator (most recently of Dante's *Inferno*) and professor of creative writing at Boston University, he writes verse filled with both historical references and descriptions of everyday objects. In "Shirt," one of the poems he read in February, Pinsky began with a list of garment components – "The back, the yoke, the yardage. Lapped seams . . ." – and detoured into a riff on a 1911 New York City factory fire that killed 146 sweatshop workers:

The witness in a building
across the street
Who watched how a young
man helped a girl to step
Up to the windowsill, then
held her out

Away from the masonry
wall and let her drop.
And then another. As if he
were helping them up
To enter a streetcar, and not
eternity.

In some of his poems, Pinsky reimagines people and events. In "From the Childhood of Jesus," he imagines Joseph scolding the five-year-old Christ for playing on the Sabbath and then Jesus turning on another boy who thoughtlessly wrecked the miniature dam he'd built in a stream. Pinsky describes a furious Jesus, "his child's face wet with tears," putting a terrible curse on the other boy, who withers before the families' appalled eyes. Later that night, "alone in his cot in Joseph's house, the Son/of Man was crying himself to sleep."

At his best, Pinsky wrestles the past into the present, describing and confronting it, discovering unexpected connections. "The shopping mall is precisely and equally as historical as Florence," he insisted, urging young writers to see the timeless in the timely. "Thousands of years of history are playing a chess game against you. Now, it's your turn. That's art: 'I'm going to make a move against history.'"
– *Torri Still and Anne Diffily*

JOHN TORASTÉ

U.S. Poet Laureate Robert Pinsky ends the Arts in America conference by reading from and discussing his work.

The Real Caribbean

The one the tourists don't see

"The Caribbean is not confined to what Columbus saw when he lost his way," the prime minister of Jamaica, P.J. Patterson, told a packed Salomon Center on April 10. The scattered outcroppings of land poking through the water just beyond the Gulf of Mexico "have been fragmented by the sea and the accidents of colonial conquest," he said. "Yet we are one people." In recent years, the nations of the Caribbean have grown more assertive about establishing a regional identity.

Patterson, who received an honorary degree while on campus to deliver the keynote address at the sixth annual Northeast Regional Caribbean Students Conference, stressed the importance of this Caribbean unity and solidarity. He also urged the students at the conference – especially those of Caribbean ancestry – to understand and share their history with the rest of the world. "We need to learn more about each other," he said, "not just how others see us."

Fitting the Caribbean countries into "a credible economic and social niche" is perhaps the region's most daunting task, Patterson explained. The Caribbean Basin is filled with thousands of islands of varying sizes, each with a distinct history that combines colonial influences with those of the African slaves who were brought into the area during the nineteenth century.

Negotiations have long been under way to consolidate Caribbean economic interests, Patterson said, but economic reform, trade agree-

Jamaican Prime Minister P.J. Patterson collects his thoughts after receiving an honorary degree in April.

Jamaica and its closest neighbors in the Caribbean Basin.

KATHRYN DE BOER

ments, and diplomatic negotiations must exist alongside social equality and stability. "Economic development cannot be sustained in an atmosphere of social degeneracy," he added. "We strive to build a market economy – not a market society."
– *Chad Galts*

Not Guilty

A federal court backs Brown in a sexual harassment case

ON MARCH 31, a federal jury in Providence ruled unanimously that Brown was innocent of negligent supervision and of creating a hostile educational environment that allowed a visiting professor of chemistry to assault and sexually harass a student during a December 1992 study session. Marketa Wills '95 had filed a ten-count complaint against the professor, Kayode Adesogan, and against Brown in U.S. District Court in December 1995, claiming that the University should have known of Adesogan's propensity for such behavior and should have done more to protect her from him. Three other lawsuits against Brown and Adesogan, filed by Emily Borod '95, Stacey Gray '94, and Julie Stunkel '96, remain unresolved. Opening arguments on Borod's complaint were heard on April 28.

Adesogan, who claimed in 1992 that he had "inadvertently" brushed Wills' breast, arrived at Brown in 1991 through a faculty exchange program with the University of Ibadan in Nigeria. Praised for his work by both students and faculty, he was offered a position as visiting professor for the 1992-93 academic year, but after Wills's complaint, he was placed on probation and informed that a second incident would result in immediate dismissal. Adesogan was dismissed on March 15, 1994, after Julie Stunkel '94 filed a sexual assault complaint against him. He is believed to have returned to Nigeria, beyond the reach of U.S. courts.

In her federal complaint, Wills based her allegation that Brown knew Adesogan was acting inappropriately on an incident two months earlier. In October 1992, Laura Schleussner '93 had reported inappropriate behavior by one of her teachers to Senior Lecturer in Theater, Speech, and Dance Barbara Tannenbaum, who was then the University's sexual harassment hearing officer. Schleussner also asked Senior Lecturer in Chemistry Edelgard Morse that someone talk to Adesogan about his having touched her inappropriately. Although Schleussner opted not to file a formal complaint, she said in a deposition for the Wills case that she had given Tannenbaum a written account of the incident. Tannenbaum testified during the trial that she had not received any written account and that she could not remember the student identifying Adesogan to her by name.

HINT STUDIO

Response to the Adesogan affair has fallen along predictable lines: University officials – and now a jury in federal court – have asserted from the start that complaints were handled in a firm and timely manner and in full compliance with Brown's manual on preventing sexual harassment. *The Brown Daily Herald*, meanwhile, has consistently criticized the administration for mishandling the case by not firing Adesogan earlier. The controversy has partly been responsible for the University's streamlining how it handles sexual harassment grievances and for making sure that any victim of harassment clearly understands the options for filing a compliant. – *Norman Boucher*

BY PETER MANDEL

The Thrill of Victory

It's official: the women are ready for prime time. (And sportswriters are often the last to know.)

Red, white, blue, and gold: Tara Mounsey '01 after Team U.S.A. became the best in the world.

JOHN TLUMACKI, BOSTON GLOBE

One of the great attractions of sport is its quantitative certainty. Sure, the Oscar Madison types will always find plenty of qualitative judgments to argue over – the best baseball hitter ever, the best all-round basketball player – but in no other human activity can the measure of greatness be so simply calculated through addition and long division. In most sports, the ball is either hit or missed, and the games are either won or lost. The final reckoning is right there in a batting average or, in the case of the Olympics, the number of medals a country has won.

Until Nagano, that is. The most enduring lesson of the winter games – for the United States at least – was that medal totals tell only part of the story, and maybe not even the most interesting part. Measured by conventional calculus, U.S. teams performed below expectations in Japan, where the U.S. medal total hovered somewhere between those of Finland and Poland. But something far more significant occurred in Nagano, something the medal totals did not reveal, and Brown athletes were at the center of it. Katie King '97, Tara Mounsey '01, and the rest of the U.S. women's ice hockey team showed the world once and for all that, when it comes to sports, the women are ready for prime time. To viewers in the United States, King, Mounsey, and their teammates collectively provided the indisputable highlight of the games when they upset Canada, 3–1, for the gold. By contrast, the men's ice hockey team, top-heavy with highly paid and self-congratulatory NHL stars, trashed its dormitory and went home empty-handed. At Nagano the women demonstrated that fans looking for athletes who work hard, play tough, and compete with heart need search no more. And it happened in *hockey*, among the most macho of sports.

"It was weird," says Katie King, who scored a hat trick in the game against Japan. The gutsy performance of the women's team, she continues, "opened people's eyes. I think it's had a big impact on young girls. They know there's a place for them in a sport that a lot of people follow from day to day and get really excited about."

Of course, the excellence of women's sports didn't just suddenly happen. The success and spirit of the women's hockey team at Nagano were the culmination of a long struggle that finally produced a kind of critical mass. It's not just that women are now allowed on the rink or the playing field; they have been playing with determination and focus for some time. The news is that they have gotten much better than anyone expected. All of a sudden people are watching and talking about women's teams, and parents now

are as likely to cheer on their daughters at soccer practice as they are to root for their sons in Little League.

Sportswriters – who are almost always men – are only now catching up with these developments. Late in February, for example, the *Boston Globe*'s Bob Ryan revisited a story he'd written twenty-five years earlier about a national women's collegiate basketball tournament. "What I wrote," he remembered after watching the U.S. women's hockey team take the gold, "was condescending and outrageous . . . . Like any leering frat boy, I just *had* to identify, in print, the player I had deemed the most attractive.

"I know more about basketball than I do about hockey," Ryan continued, "and I can tell you that I know of no sport in this country that has shown a greater rate of improvement over the last two decades or so than women's basketball. . . . Hockey has no comparable frame of reference. *These* women are the pioneers."

What happened in Nagano has also been happening in Providence. For colleges such as Brown, the Title IX nondiscrimination ruling was only the most visible of many factors behind a new order in campus gyms and on rinks and athletic fields. Success breeds respect, and over the years, Brown women's teams have landed in the win column far more often than have men's teams. Since 1956, the men have brought home a total of thirty Ivy titles; Brown women have racked up forty-five since 1973 (when the Ivy League began tracking women's teams). Some cynics might argue that, by starting the Ivies' first women's soccer and women's ice hockey programs, Brown, in effect, staked out untrodden turf. But look at the quantitative side of recent history. The 1996–97 female Bears, for example, captured Ivy championships in ice hockey, volleyball, softball, and tennis – more titles than any other school. Male Bruins, excluding club varsity teams, won none.

And a winning program sure helps at recruiting time. Annie Cappuccino, a senior associate director in the Admission office, won't say whether top-notch female high-school athletes are beginning to focus on Brown more frequently. She admits, however, "that there's been a lot of admissions interest in women's sports of late. Brown has some extremely good women's teams and some coaches who have made a name for themselves. And people want to be a part of that."

Anne Trafton '99, sports editor at the *Brown Daily Herald*, reports that women's teams are not only drawing applicants, they're starting to attract fans. "At times I've even noticed a difference between last season and this one," she says. "I was at the opening [women's basketball] game against Northeastern. We had more than 300 fans that night, and last year we didn't get more than about 100 per game." At most of the women's sports events Trafton has covered, she's noticed that fans get to know the players and their particular skills and personalities better than do the spectators at men's games. "While men's sports overall are still the bigger draw," she says, "a lot of fans there tend to be casual fans. I see women's fans as more loyal, and

SCOREBOARD

(as of April 1)

Men's Basketball **6–20**

Senior center Paul Krasinski played his final home game on February 21, scoring twenty-one points and grabbing eleven rebounds to lead Brown to a 69–66 win over Cornell.

Women's Basketball **11–15**

The Bears beat Columbia and Cornell in late February, extending Coach Jean Marie Burr's stellar streak to ten seasons without a losing Ivy record.

Women's Gymnastics **7–6**

Brown vaulted into third place at the Ivy Classic in early March and hung on for a seventh-place finish at the ECACs three weeks later.

Men's Ice Hockey **13–16–2**

Before getting bounced by Ivy rival Princeton in the ECAC quarterfinals, the Bears were one of the nation's hottest hockey teams, posting a 7–1–1 late-season ledger.

Women's Ice Hockey **22–7–4**

Topping last year's superb season, the women icers became the first Ivy team to win the ECAC tournament and went all the way to the national finals before losing to UNH, 4–1.

Men's Squash **4–9**

Beating less prepped-out schools and losing to totally pink-and-green rivals, Brown downed Cornell, Bowdoin, Tufts, and Colby and lost to the remaining Ivies plus Trinity, Amherst, and Williams.

Women's Squash **8–7**

Reversing the preppie rule adhered to by the men (see Men's Squash), the Bears knocked off J.Crew outposts Amherst and Williams en route to a winning record.

Men's Swimming **5–6**

Chuck Barnes '99 earned a share of the Phil Moriarty Award as the leading swimmer at the Eastern championships. The Bears finished third, completing their best season since 1991–92.

Women's Swimming **7–1**

For the first time since 1984–85, the women splashed and sprinted to an undefeated Ivy record. The squad won twelve events and placed first at the Ivy championships.

Men's Indoor Track **1–1**

The Bears capped off a season of fine individual performances with one of their best team efforts, finishing third at the Heptagonals in March.

Women's Indoor Track **0–2**

The women did their male colleagues one better by coming in second at the Heptagonals. This matched their finish at the New England Challenge Cup finals a month earlier.

Wrestling **10–12**

Senior co-captain Tivon Abel pinned a brilliant season emphatically to the mat by finishing in fifth place at the NCAA tournament and earning All-American honors.

"While men's sports overall are still the bigger draw," says the *Brown Daily Herald's* sports editor, "I see women's sports fans as more loyal, and sometimes more knowledgeable and enthusiastic."

sometimes more knowledgeable and enthusiastic."

One of the reasons for this might be that a women's basketball game features a different set of skills from those on display at a men's game. There are no seven-footers in size-sixteen sneakers jostling each other before one of them pivots and slam-dunks. "It's a different game," says Carolyn Thornton '90, a two-time All-Ivy softball centerfielder while at Brown and now the *Providence Journal*'s first full-time female sportswriter. "You're not going to see the dunk, but the movements seem somehow more pure. There's more finesse in many ways, since women rely on crisp passes and good outside shooting."

Legendary UCLA coach John Wooden has said that women's basketball teams tend to have better fundamentals. Statistics say that their free-throw percentages are better. And according to Susan Leitao of Northeastern University's Center for the Study of Sport in Society, there is a joy and a sense of discovery surrounding women's sports at the moment. "A lot of the men who are top players are spoiled," she says. "They've got an attitude problem, and fans can sense that. In a broader sense, I think, women are accepted in so many professions now that people have decided it's time to accept them in sports. There's a future in it."

At Brown, some of the barriers that women's teams have broken are financial ones. Last year, trustee Elizabeth Zopfi Chace '59 and her husband endowed the head coaching position of the University's women's basketball team with a $1.4 million gift – the largest sports programming donation in Brown's history and only the second such women's coaching endowment in the country. According to Dave Zucconi '55, who runs the Brown Sports Foundation, fund-raising for women's athletics has skyrocketed. Annual giving earmarked for women's ice hockey, for example, has gone from $5,674 in 1990 to $49,425 in 1997, while annual giving to all women's sports over the same period has risen from $111,904 to $479,144.

With a loyal fan base, alumni support, and broadening acceptance even among non-jocks, female college athletes are beginning to see their names pop up on the sports pages next to ads for the Hair Club for Men. Thornton, who's been writing about sports for eight years, thinks women are getting more ink in her section of the paper than they ever did and that the coverage is improving. The *Journal*, she says, "is doing a better job of covering women's sports since people see it as important now. My editor is concerned about it."

Even before the Olympics, and before Brown's current women's ice hockey team captured the ECAC title in March (see Scoreboard), an AP newspaper piece that ran this winter in the *Boston Globe* seemed to sum up the new era for women's sports at the University and across the United States. It was a simple game story, but the details were compelling: the Team U.S.A. women's hockey team – the same one that would later win the gold medal in Nagano – had beaten Team Canada in San Jose, California, before the largest American crowd ever to see a women's hockey game. The final score was 4-3; the game was tied by Tara Mounsey with eight seconds left, and the winning goal came on an overtime shot by Katie King.

Brown head coach Digit Murphy, who coached both of these star players at Brown, missed the game because it wasn't one of her broadcasting assignments for the Lifetime cable network or TNT Sports. But for Murphy – who maintains there's no boundary between the new popularity of women's collegiate sports and the women's Olympic buzz, since one level feeds fresh talent to the other – reading the story was enough. She remembers opening her morning paper and the article leaping out at her. "For me," she says, "that moment was like, 'Wow, we've arrived!' "

Inscribe your name on College Hill.

THE ALUMNI WALKWAY
MADDOCK ALUMNI CENTER, BROWN UNIVERSITY

The Brown Alumni Association invites you to celebrate your lifelong connection to Brown by purchasing a brick in the Alumni Walkway. Add your name – or the name of any alumnus or alumna you wish to honor or remember – to the beautifully designed centerpiece of the Maddock Alumni Center garden restoration project.

BROWN ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

Celebrating Our Connections to Brown

Join the hundreds of alumni who have already purchased their bricks!

ORDERED BY

NAME CLASS

STREET ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP

PHONE

Bricks @ $100 each $

☐ My check, made payable to Brown University, is enclosed.*

☐ I prefer to charge. *Circle one:* Mastercard Visa AmEx

CARD # EXP. DATE

SIGNATURE

■ *The full amount of your payment is tax-deductible.*

PRINT NAME (*one name per brick, please*) AS YOU WANT IT TO APPEAR ON THE BRICK. TAKE UP TO TWO LINES FOR YOUR NAME. MOST NAMES WILL APPEAR ON ONE LINE ON THE ACTUAL BRICK.

BRICK #1

C L A S S O F

BRICK #2

C L A S S O F

This brick is ☐ in honor of ☐ in memory of ☐ send gift card to:

* *Form may be mailed to: Brick Walkway, Alumni Relations, Brown University, Box 1859, Providence, RI 02906-4209*
Faxed to: Bricks, 401 863-7070
Or visit our website: http://www.brown.edu/Administration/Alumni/

A Woman of Honor

Oh, how some fraternities have changed.

❖

BY JULIE FEI-FAN BALZER '98

BOB SELBY

A letter in the July 1997 *Brown Alumni Monthly* caught my eye: in it, an alumnus from the mid-1970s gently criticized a new Jewish fraternity, Alpha Epsilon Pi, for its lack of diversity. As the letter writer reminisced about his days as a brother in a very diverse Zeta Psi, I couldn't help but smile. Oh, how fraternities have changed! I am a brother of Brown's revamped Zeta Psi, now called Zeta Delta Xi – a more diverse group than Zeta Psi ever imagined. I am half Asian and half Jewish. But more important, I am a woman.

Of the nine fraternities at Brown, only two admit women as official members. One, Alpha Delta Phi, is a nationally recognized literary fraternity. Zeta Delta Xi is more of a renegade. During the 1980s, a declining interest among men in joining fraternities led the Brown chapter of Zeta Psi to seek out women as brothers. Yet in accordance with national Zete bylaws, female pledges were only welcome at local ceremonies, while male pledges participated in both local and national ones. The University's chapter and national headquarters were clearly on a collision path. Sure enough, in 1986, after Brown's female Zete president was not allowed to attend the fraternity's national convention, the Brown chapter was kicked out of the national organization. On January 24, 1987, Zeta Psi became Zeta Delta Xi.

For me, Zeta Delta Xi has put the "fraternity" back into frat. Perhaps that's because its members have truly worked together after that 1987 split – after officials from the national Zeta Psi organization arrived in Providence with a moving van and took away pledge manuals, alumni records, and even the pool table. Over the past ten years we've re-created the pledging process from memory and imagination; we have slowly restored the house with our own money and labor. Everything from bar stools to porch swings has been built by pledge classes. And while a young fraternity has few alumni who can contribute a lot of cash, we've saved enough money to purchase a pool table and a dart board and have still managed to put some in the bank.

The decision to join Zeta Delta Xi was not an easy one. On this politically correct campus, the only people who can be openly bashed are those beer-swilling frat boys on Wriston Quad: they're idiots, racists, rapists, and obnoxious jocks. Our mothers tell us to stay away, and our resident counselors bad-mouth them. Like most first-year students, I had only been to frats to meet and greet and bump and grind on the dance floor. I had never considered joining.

But my roommate, who was dating a Zete brother, dragged me to a rush, and everything changed when I walked through the door. I'd expected lots of large, grunting men and petite, perfumed women. What I saw was every kind of person from a cappella singers to athletes, vegetarians to rabid carnivores, homosexuals to homophobes. Sure, the bar was – and still is, on most nights – full of people playing drinking games in a cloud of smoke. The difference was that at Zete, half of the people were clutching cans of Mountain Dew instead of beer.

People might think it strange that someone who considers herself a feminist, as I do, would join a fraternity. But it makes sense. I tend to get along better with men than with women; I feel more at ease and less competitive in their company. Besides, college is a time for exploring. I figure I've got the rest of my life to hang out with people who are just like me.

Today, Zeta Delta Xi has thirty-nine members: seventeen women and twenty-two men. We are Jews, Christians, Hispanics, Caucasians, and Asians. We come from rural Washington state and Paris, France; from boarding schools and public schools. This diversity – which began years ago with the admission of members of racial and religious minorities but which leapt forward with the admission of women – is what makes Zete strong and will carry it into the next century.

The author of that letter in the July *BAM* wrote that "One of the attractions of fraternity life was living, working, and studying with gentlemen of honor of very different backgrounds and learning from them." It still is. Only now, it's *people* of honor. ∾

Julie Fei-Fan Balzer is a theater concentrator from Watertown, Massachusetts.

mars & co

- *we are a strategy consulting firm serving top management of leading corporations;*

- *since our inception in 1979, we have chosen to work for a limited number of leading international firms with whom we build long-term relationships;*

- *we apply fact-based, quantitative analysis to competitive problems and get involved in the implementation of our recommendations;*

- *we develop consultants with cross-industry and cross-functional experience;*

- *we promote from within;*

- *we are looking for well-balanced recent graduates with exceptional and demonstrable quantitative abilities and language skills to join at an entry level;*

- *if you wish to join our team, please send your resume to francine even at "mars plaza", 124 mason street, greenwich, connecticut 06830.*

paris - london - new york - san francisco

Taking on City Hall

To students, urban politics is a subject. To political science professor James Morone, it's an obsession.

JOHN FORASTÉ

BY TORRI STILL

The introductory lecture course looms large in the lives of first-year undergraduates – often, unfortunately, as an impersonal, sleep-inducing experience. An esteemed professor stands at a lectern and delivers a weighty oration, while a sea of students scribbles madly. He or she must simultaneously impart knowledge and entertain, prodding the members of a passive audience into piping up with questions and comments. It's a formidable task, even for a seasoned teacher. Unless, of course, you're James Morone.

As the students enrolled in Political Science 22 filed into Alumnae Hall one typical day in March, Morone, a professor of political science, was already on stage, swigging coffee and bottled water while pacing back and forth like a boxer preparing for the big fight. "When I teach City Politics," Morone says of Political Science 22, "it dominates my consciousness. I'm intensely focused on getting students engaged in the subject and doing the reading. It forces me to organize my whole life. I think my sock drawer is even more organized when I teach this class."

Most of City Politics's 420 students have no background in political science. But Morone turns their lack of knowledge into an advantage, wowing them with manic lectures punctuated with personal anecdotes. Unlike smaller and more specialized courses, City Politics attracts students from a variety of disciplinary neighborhoods: first-year students testing out political science as a potential concentration, juniors and seniors fulfilling requirements in political science and urban studies concentrations, and senior biology concentrators taking their first (and last) course in politics. All are subjected to the passion of a professor who, in his words, "believes the sun rises and sets based on this stuff."

Yet Morone recognizes that passion is no substitute for intellectual rigor. "Even if you have a political science background," he says, "it doesn't mean you'll ace the course." Morone's keen, roving eye spots the yawners, the latecomers, the unfortunate souls wearing bright-colored clothing. "If a student yawns, I'll call on him or her in the next three minutes," Morone explains. "But I know it's hard for students to talk in front of 400 people. If they obviously haven't done the reading, I may pick on them a bit, but I'm not into humiliating them. They know if they've given a good or a mediocre answer."

His empathetic approach makes class participation less frightening for the dozens of students who do participate in the lectures, either as volunteers or victims. "If you say something that's almost there," explains Alissa Silverman '01, "he'll get you there." Hythem El-Nazer '00 agrees: "He'll give you an answer backwards if he has to. There is a definite impetus to come prepared, though."

During the semester, City Politics winds its way chronologically from James Madison to Tammany Hall to today's urban problems. Jason Barnosky, a graduate student in political science and a teaching assistant for the course, describes the class as "a combination of theory and history, using cities as a microcosm of the American experience." Because it is an introductory class, Morone must introduce certain contextual concepts – pluralism and federalism, for example – before delving too heavily into the particulars of city politics. "The study of urban politics has often been criticized for being too city-specific," Morone says. "We can't be naïve about the national frame." Morone warns his class that viewing politics as a layer cake with distinct levels is simplistic. In fact, he explains, the fragmented and mixed layers of federal, state, and local governments more closely resemble a marble cake.

To illustrate this metaphor, Morone gives his students a scenario: Donna Shalala, head of the Department of Health and Human Services, designates each of them "czar of coordination." As czars, they are in charge of coordinating the thousands of agencies, on multiple levels, that are supposed to carry out Clinton's urban policy. "What do you do?" Morone inquires. Students toss out solutions like "get them together and talking" and "streamline," and Morone nods. "But," he says, "remember that these agencies have different sources of funding and authority. Public agencies compete just as private ones do. It's not in their interest to coordinate, so it's difficult for there to be an effective czar."

If anything, City Politics is a class about the impediments, both historical and structural, that stand in the way of solving urban problems. "Cities have the most acute needs of American society, like homelessness and unemployment," Morone tells his students, "but they face them with the weakest tools and institutions." The

burden on cities has been growing in recent years, he explains, as the stature of the federal government has become diminished in the public's mind. Cities are now expected to handle problems that were once the responsibility of the federal government, whose constitutional authority and budgetary power are much greater.

"Mayors face one hell of a job keeping the various balls in the air," Morone tells his class. "They're reliant on state legislators and the feds for money, so they're constitutionally dependent on people who may not live in, or even like, the city." One way city leaders cope with this situation is to hone some of the tools used by old-style political machines. Mayors and city officials who lack the funding and authority to deal with such complex problems as poverty and environmental degradation are forced to rely on the time-tested tactics of favors, threats, and party loyalty.

Despite such difficulties, Morone remains optimistic about cities. One reason is the reformist attitudes of the students who pass through his class. Many of them are there expressly to figure out how they can effect change. Alissa Silverman says she remembers her mother going to battle over plans to build a highway though their neighborhood. "I've grown up in a family of reformers," she says, "so I took this class to get a bigger picture of how community organizers can be most effective." Morone encourages such connections between theory and practice. "City politics is about communities people live in and care about," he says. "The joy of teaching at Brown is that the kids agree with that and are willing to participate in their community."

Morone has been teaching City Politics since 1983, when he was hired, fresh out of graduate school at the University of Chicago, with the plea that he raise enrollment in the fledgling class from thirty to 100. Within three years, word of mouth had increased the class's popularity to its current level. Morone estimates that more than 500 students turned out for the first lecture during "shopping period" this semester, only to find that, should they choose to enroll, they had a paper on James Madison due within the week. Nevertheless, 420 stayed.

In addition to delivering lectures, Morone must coordinate ten teaching assistants and eighteen discussion sections, which offer students the opportunity to discuss the class in a more intimate setting. Although Morone holds office hours and makes an effort to learn the names of those who raise their hands during lectures, the T.A.s have the most direct contact with students. Morone encourages them to do more than regurgitate the week's reading and lectures.

In 1983, Morone, fresh out of grad school, was asked to raise enrollment in City Politics from thirty to 100. Within three years, more than 400 students were signing up for the course.

In one of Jason Barnosky's sections this spring, students were asked to apply some of the tools and terms they'd learned to a discussion of urban poverty. Barnosky first reminded them of the "pluralism model" Morone had discussed in lecture that week: individuals form groups, there is a mutual adjustment among groups, and the result is a "political outcome." With that model in mind, Barnosky asked the students how to address the problem of urban poverty. The students were soon off and running with their own metaquestions: Where does poverty come from? Does poverty have to exist? Is there a finite amount of money in the world? Barnosky sat quietly and let the discussion run its course before deftly steering it back to the model. Do the poor even have the resources to form political groups? he asked. As the students began debating that question, the bell rang. Many of them continued the discussion as they walked out the door.

"A lot of the questions [students] raise in section are very philosophical," says Briann Greenfield, a graduate student in American civilization and a City Politics teaching assistant. "Morone is providing them with a model for analyzing things they see and read about every day."

And read they do. In addition to the books required for the course, all students must subscribe either to the *New York Times* or the *Boston Globe*. For their final paper they must apply their newly honed skills of political analysis to one particular issue they've followed in the newspaper over the course of the semester. "This assignment is very hard for them," says Morone, "because they have to take a leap of faith at the beginning that they'll learn enough to do something they can't yet do. When they pick up a newspaper at the end of the semester, I hope they see the news in a richer and more complicated way."

Although City Politics begins with 400 students who know little about political science, by the end of the semester some of them are hooked. In March, Hythem El-Nazer was only halfway through the course, but his ambition for a political career was at a fever pitch. "Professor Morone has really lit a fire under me," he said. "An insider's look into city politics might dissuade some people from entering the field, but it's made me want to go into it to end corruption and discrimination."

Morone says he is gratified above all by the number of students who later write to tell him how the class continues to shape their thinking, years after graduation: "They say, 'I've got a job at a bank or at a legislator's office, and I see the world through lenses you've polished for me.' "

SYLLABUS

For further reading:

The Evolution of American Urban Society by Brown Professor of History P. Howard Chudacoff (Prentice Hall, 1993)

Crabgrass Frontier: The Suburbanization of America by Kenneth Jackson (Oxford University Press, 1987)

There are No Children Here: The Story of Two Boys Growing Up in the Other America by Alex Kotlowitz (Doubleday, 1992)

Federalist Papers (especially #10 and #51) by James Madison (Bantam, 1982)

The Democratic Wish: Popular Participation and the Limits of American Government by James Morone (Yale University Press, 1998)

Dixie Without a Map

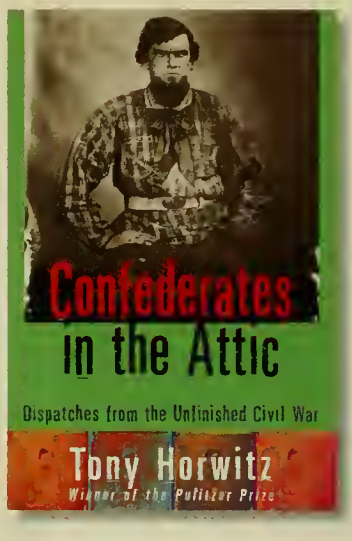
Confederates in the Attic: Dispatches from the Unfinished Civil War by **Tony Horwitz** '80 (Pantheon Books, 416 pages, $27.50).

By Chad Galts

"One must show some pluck if one is to learn about the world," a twelve-year-old girl tells Tony Horwitz in *Baghdad Without a Map*, his 1991 account of his travels through the Middle East as a freelance journalist. The next day he accompanied the girl, her eleven-year-old brother, and their mother to a refugee camp on the outskirts of Khartoum, Sudan, to spend the day dressing the stumps of lepers. *Baghdad Without a Map* provided Americans with an alternative look at a part of the world they were then just getting to know through television footage of the Gulf War. The book also gave readers a glimpse of Horwitz himself: plucky, determined, and slightly nuts.

In *Confederates in the Attic*, Horwitz, who won a 1995 Pulitzer prize for his work at the *Wall Street Journal*, is back, this time delivering a fresh look at characters on the home front. A few pages into the book, Horwitz and his wife, Geraldine Brooks, wake up to the sound of gunfire in their sedate suburb of Washington, D.C. They leap out of bed to find their front lawn taken over by a film crew and a group of extras in Confederate uniforms. Smelling story possibilities, Horwitz brews a pot of coffee, grabs a handful of mugs, and wanders outside to chat up the soldiers. Within minutes he has gotten himself invited along for a weekend Civil War reenactment by a group of men so obsessed with period authenticity that they deliberately starve themselves to look more like the photographs of hollow-cheeked Confederates. "Look at these buttons," one of the soldiers says to Horwitz. "I soaked them overnight in a saucer filled with urine." The uric acid, Horwitz explains, oxidizes the brass buttons and gives them an authentic-looking patina.

When Horwitz shows up for his weekend expedition, he is asked to surrender his clothes for "scratchy wool trousers, a filthy shirt, hobnailed boots, a jacket tailored for a Confederate midget, and wool socks that smelled as though they hadn't been washed since Second Manassas." A night on the freezing ground under a skimpy blanket that smells as bad as his socks does nothing to discourage Horwitz; it just gives him ideas. Lying awake at home on clean sheets the next night, he decides "to spend a year at war, searching out the places and people who keep memory of the conflict alive in the present day."



His search will take three years and carry him through fifteen states; he will conduct scores of interviews and take notes on hundreds of chance conversations. In Atlanta Horwitz meets a dead ringer for Vivian Leigh who impersonates Scarlett O'Hara for a living; in Columbia, South Carolina, he visits the mobile home of Walt, a beret-wearing vegetarian and self-described "citizen of the Confederate States of America, which has been under military occupation for the past hundred thirty years." The war ended a long time ago, Horwitz writes, but "the issues at stake in the Civil War – race in particular – remained unresolved, as did the broader question the conflict posed. Would America remain one nation?"

Such questions can tempt a writer to fall back on libraries and well-spoken experts as primary sources; their erudite answers, however, retain the musty smell of books. Horwitz cites such writers as Ambrose Bierce and Walker Percy, and makes a trip to see Civil War guru Shelby Foote, but the real experts in *Confederates in the Attic* are the everyday people Horwitz happens upon and engages in conversation. During his visit to the Shiloh battlefield on the anniversary of its bloody two-day conflict in 1862, Horwitz meets a bus driver from Minneapolis, a man who works in a phone-packaging plant in Chattanooga, a retired teacher from Alabama, a lawyer from Missouri,

ABOUT TONY HORWITZ

Some people have a hard time asking random strangers embarrassingly personal questions. Not Tony Horwitz: "You just go up and ask. People – in this country in particular – like to talk." Easy-going and genuinely gregarious, Horwitz claims to have learned some of his most valuable lessons about reporting while working as a union organizer in Mississippi after graduation. "I spent weeks knocking on people's doors, only to have 90 percent of them slammed in my face," he says. "You get to the point where you have no shame." Being a reporter, Horwitz adds, is sometimes easier than being a writer. One of the biggest challenges in writing *Confederates in the Attic* was "boiling it down to something shorter than *War and Peace*," he says. When his first draft ran more than 700 pages, he knew he had to do some cutting. "The hardest and most important thing to learn as a writer is how to chuck your own material." – *C.G.*

and Wolfgang Hochbruck, a professor from the University of Stuttgart. Each chance meeting contains a nugget of revelation for Horwitz. Hochbruck, for example, tells him that Germans' blossoming interest in the American Civil War has a disturbing undercurrent: "They are obsessed with your war," Hochbruck says, "because they cannot celebrate their own vanquished racists."

White Americans, Horwitz discovers during his Southern odyssey, are prone to the same obsession, sometimes for the same reason. After reading about the murder of Michael Westerman, who was shot by a black teen for flying a Confederate flag in the back of his red pickup on Martin Luther King Jr. Day, Horwitz takes off for Guthrie, Kentucky, to look into the story. On his way into town he spots a likely bit of local color: "The cinderblock building looked more like a bunker than a bar.... Man-high razor wire ringed an adjoining yard. A military jeep painted in desert camouflage sat parked out front, beside pickup trucks and Harley choppers." There are no black people inside Redbone's Saloon; it is a whistling kettle of white rage. Horwitz orders a beer, takes a few notes, and amiably queries a fellow patron about the letters F.T.W. scrawled on the bottom of a piece of verse hanging from the wall. "Who's asking? The F–B–I?" the man replies, provoking gales of laughter around the bar. As Horwitz scribbles more notes he senses someone behind him. "A leatherclad giant with bloodshot eyes," Horwitz writes, rips a page from his notebook and, while munching it loudly, tells him, "I shit out a turd this morning that was bigger than you." As Horwitz eases off his stool and looks toward the door, the man makes a grab at him, ripping one arm off his jacket.

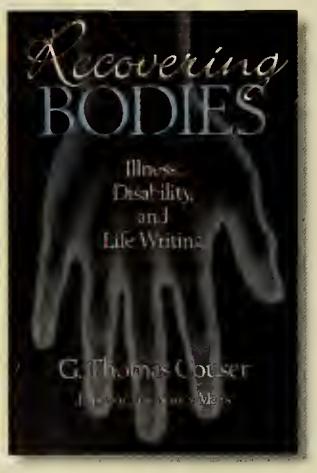
The image of Tony Horwitz, mild-mannered reporter, running for his life down a backcountry road in Kentucky is one jewel among many in this book. A thoughtful listener with an ear for everyday speech, Horwitz balances his acute, if somewhat dark, wit with genuine empathy for the people he meets. He is interested in tackling an issue as snarled and complicated as race relations, but he wants the people who live with it on the most intimate terms to tell the story in their words. Laura Jones, the black eighty-year-old president of the American Legion women's auxiliary in Vicksburg, Mississippi, tells Horwitz: "The Klan hanged a boy on Grove Street. I remember the tree.... Things haven't changed because deep down people's hearts haven't changed. No law, no government, no corporation is going to make you do the right thing. That comes from inside. The outside's changed," she adds, "but the inside's stayed the same."

Confederates in the Attic does not present definitive answers or plot a path toward racial harmony. Horwitz's determination to round up an exhaustive account of Southerners' opinions and ideas about the Civil War leaves many issues almost as muddled as they are when he takes them up. The symbolism of the rebel flag, the Ku Klux Klan's right to free speech, and the idea of a single, shared history between North and South, or black and white, are issues that bear no easy resolution. We have to show a little pluck, Horwitz is telling us, if we hope to understand our country.

Body of Stories

Recovering Bodies: Illness, Disability and Life Writing by **G. Thomas Couser** '77 Ph.D. (University of Wisconsin Press, 336 pages, cloth $55, paper $24.95).

By Lori Baker '86 A.M.



When serious illness strikes, more than physical health may be lost; according to G. Thomas Couser, identity may be fractured as well. In his thought-provoking new book, *Recovering Bodies: Illness, Disability, and Life Writing*, Couser, a professor of English at Hofstra University, explores the ways in which antobiographical illness narratives, or "pathographies," help the sick to reclaim and rehumanize their bodies and their lives. Examining personal narratives of people battling breast cancer, HIV/AIDS, paralysis, and deafness, Couser concludes that by writing their own stories the ill create a forum for counteracting the medical, social, and cultural stigma often attached to catastrophic illness and disability.

Couser opens *Restructuring Bodies* with an insightful analysis of how being cured can undermine healing. Increasingly, he says, medical technology has given physicians access to their patients' bodies in ways that have tended to "supplant or simply bypass the patient's testimony." Dialogue between patient and physician, once the key to diagnosis and treatment, has become superfluous because sophisticated medical devices can tell the story more accurately than patients can.

In this era of techno-medicine, physicians need no longer view illness in the context of the patient's entire life. Rather, the patient *becomes the illness* – and physicians may refer to their patients "as particular [malfunctioning] organs: for example, 'the liver in 201.' " Doctors translate their patients' stories into specialized medical language and transform sick bodies into bodies of data, both of which are typically incomprehensible to patients. This co-optation of the patient's story may lead to the curing of physical illness, but the patient is left alone to struggle with the larger context: how to integrate the experience of illness into a coherent sense of self.

One of the ways that some men and women have accomplished this integration, Couser says, is through what he calls "pathography," a life-writing genre that has grown increasingly popular during the past thirty years. While some pathography is simply the story of the experience of being ill, beginning with diagnosis and ending with physical or spiritual healing, other such narratives have a wider reach, placing illness in the context of the author's entire life. Either way, pathography humanizes the experience of being ill in a manner that directly under-

BOOKSHELF

HENRY AND CLARA

By Thomas Mallon '73

Thomas Mallon's novel is a richly imagined, intellectually engaging tale of a young couple's fateful encounter with history and destiny.

Henry Rathbone and Clara Harris were engaged to be married, when they were invited to share the Presidential box with the Lincolns at Ford's Theatre on the evening of Good Friday, 1865. When John Wilkes Booth crept into the box, the young couple became witnesses to a central tragedy in American History.

Imaginatively re-creating their lives, Mallon tells the larger story of nineteenth-century Victorian America: a society structured above supressed impulses and undercurrents that grew stronger as the century progressed.

Softcover, 358 pages
ISBN 0-312-13508-4. . . . . .$13.00

CONFEDERATES IN THE ATTIC

By Tony Horwitz '80

When prize-winning war correspondent Tony Horwitz leaves the battlefields of Bosnia and the Middle East for a peaceful corner of the Blue Ridge Mountains, he thinks he's put war zones behind him. But awakened one morning by the crackle of musket fire, Horwitz starts filing front-line dispatches again - this time from a war close to home, and to his own heart.

Propelled by his boyhood passion for the Civil War, Horwitz embarks on a search for places and people still held in thrall by America's greatest conflict. The result is an adventure into the soul of the unvanquished South, where the ghosts of the Lost Cause are resurrected through ritual remembrance.

Hardbound, 406 pages
ISBN 0-679-43978-1. . . . . .$27.50

cuts the medical objectification of the body, both for the reader and for the writer. This is especially important in the case of highly stigmatized illnesses such as HIV/AIDS.

Couser devotes extensive chapters to HIV/AIDS, breast cancer, paralysis, and deafness, sensitively exploring the nature of both stigma and responses to stigma in illness narratives. In the case of breast cancer, for example, Couser finds that autobiographical writing attempts to counter the association between the loss of a breast and the loss of femininity. The availability of prostheses and surgical breast reconstruction, he says, enforces the idea that the female body following mastectomy is a mutilated object that must be hidden from society; writing about breast cancer effectively makes what is hidden visible again.

The aftermath of breast surgery can be shocking both for the patient and for a reader. In an excerpt from *An Eye With an I*, for example, Dorothea Lynch graphically describes her first glimpse of her body post-mastectomy: "I look down at the purple black line, an eight-inch-long, puckered and black-stitched cut. There is a drainage tube stuck in a hole in my side. It is kept from falling inside my body by a safety pin. The breast remaining is a surprise, its nipple pink as a girl's pout. Where I had expected a gaping hole and raw flesh, there is a little skin remaining – their attempt to leave as much as possible. Clean, necessary."

The issues are different in life writing about HIV/AIDS, Couser finds. Autobiographical writing by AIDS victims is rarer than memoirs by grieving family members or surviving partners. Couser suggests this may be because of the way the disease "threatens one's sense that life has coherence, continuity, and extension." In *Borrowed Time*, Paul Monette describes this loss of the future tense in terms of his empty appointment datebook: "It was as if the whole idea of calendars had become a horrible mockery."

Although Couser writes about complex medical, social, literary, and political realities, his language is clear, concise, and engaging. His book, while highly analytical, makes good use of excerpts from pathographies to ground his theories. *Recovering Bodies* provides a readable and intelligent analysis of recent illness narratives that is accessible to general readers as well as to literature specialists.

Lori Baker's most recent book is Crazy Water: Six Fictions.

Briefly Noted

The Undiscovered Country by **Samantha Gillison** '89 (Grove Press, 240 pages, $23).

Gillison's debut novel, to be published in June, is a lean and captivating hybrid of domestic drama, adventure story, and travel narrative. Peter Campbell, a young research scientist, and June, his monied, insecure wife, travel to the jungles of Papua, New Guinea, with their seven-year-old daughter so Peter can investigate tropical diseases at June's expense. While Gillison's eye for detail results in a vivid portrait of the novel's exotic setting, her sharp insights into the Campbells' relationship remain squarely at the center of the novel. The young couple's descent into self-absorption and their twisted justifications for neglecting their daughter read with excruciating clarity. Not a word is wasted in this stunning first effort.

Wrath of Angels: The American Abortion War by **James Risen** '77 and Judy L. Thomas (Basic Books, 402 pages, $25).

The U.S. Supreme Court may have ruled on abortion rights in *Roe v. Wade* twenty-five years ago, but the debate has raged ever since. Risen and Thomas, reporters for the *Los Angeles Times* and the *Kansas City Star*, respectively, chronicle the antiabortion movement since the late 1960s. What started as a Catholic, left-leaning protest using peaceful civil disobedience, they assert, deteriorated into violence. Recent shootings by zealots marked "the end of antiabortion activism as a significant political and cultural force in American society," the authors write.

Theodore Roosevelt and the British Empire: A Study in Presidential Statecraft by **William Tilchin** '92 Ph.D. (St. Martin's, 302 pages, $49.95).

This history of the twenty-sixth president's cultivation of Britain as a partner in world affairs offers unique insights. Drawing heavily on Roosevelt's correspondence, the author argues that Roosevelt was, "in the foreign policy arena, probably the greatest of all U.S. presidents." Roosevelt achieved the construction of the Panama Canal, played a critical role in the settlement of the 1905 Russo-Japanese War, and was a key negotiator of a settlement between Germany and France over control of Morocco. Though occasionally dry, Tilchin's book may make readers nostalgic for a president who wasn't afraid to be opinionated and honest. – C.G.

The Ivy League® Magazine Network

You know the half of it

IF you think that Ivy League® readers are well educated, affluent and successful, you're right. But only HALF right.

- They're exceptionally active. They hike, ski, play tennis, and sail.
- They're risk takers. They've followed a wide range of career paths: from making microbrews to founding Microsoft, from winning Oscars to winning Olympic medals.
- They're powerful consumers with the income to spend on top-end vehicles, new technology, frequent travel and other upscale products. They're aggressive investors with extensive portfolios.
- They're leaders. They hold public office, sit on charitable boards, give speeches, publish books and articles, and get involved in social issues.

The Ivy magazines engage this diverse group of readers by presenting a broad span of thoughtful, provocative editorial that appeals to their readers' sense of self. This creates a warm and uniquely personal environment for your advertising message unlike that of any other magazine.

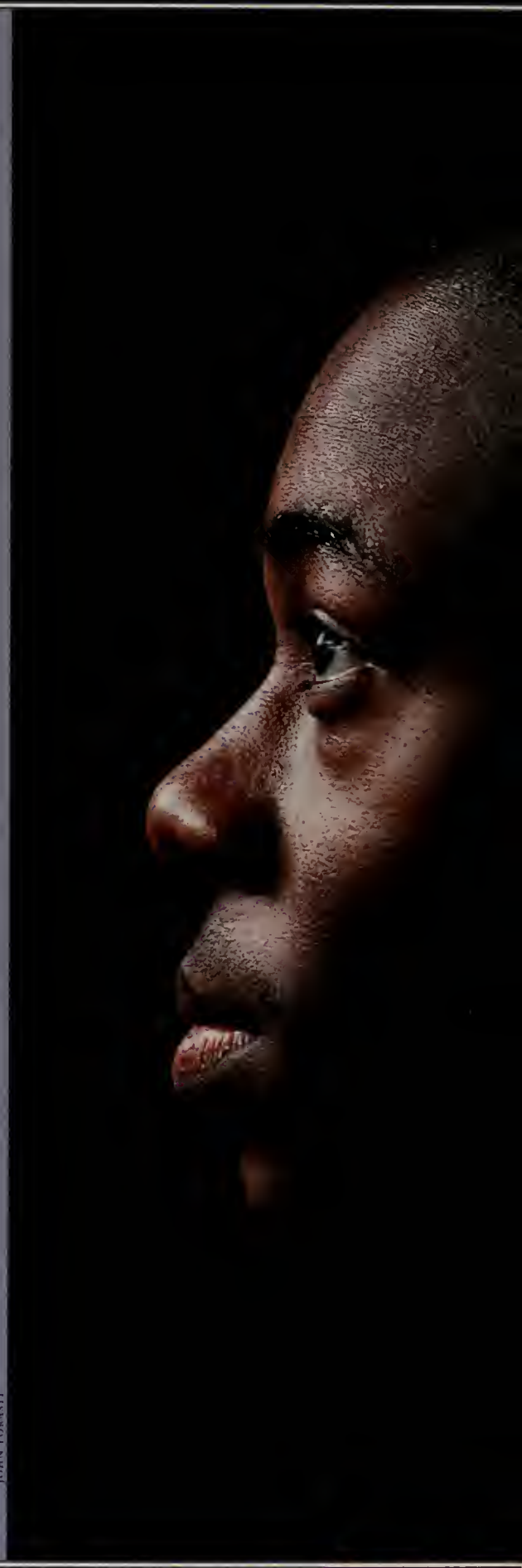
NOW you know the other half. Reach today's most desirable consumer market through the Ivy League® Magazine Network—nine trusted magazines writing today's and tomorrow's success stories.

For information on how the Ivies can help you, please call (617) 496-7207.

A *Hope* IN THE UNSEEN

For years, Brown was an imagined place for Cedric Jennings '99. When he finally arrived on campus, though, the adjustments he faced were daunting and all too real.

BY RON SUSKIND



JOHN TOBIASZ

WHAT THE HELL is Rob up to, Cedric wonders as he glances over at his roommate – a vision of preppy casualness in his torn khaki shorts, Marblehead Yacht Club T-shirt, and sandals – hovering near Cedric's CD player like he's looking for something.

"I really like this. I mean, it's growing on me," Rob finally says, snapping his fingers. "Who is it?"

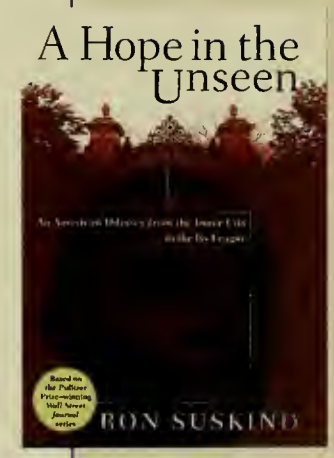
Cedric pushes aside his psychology textbook and looks over, astonished. "You like it?!" he laughs. "No lie?"

"Yeah. So . . . are you gonna tell me who it is or make me guess?"

"It's Hezekiah Walker and the Love Fellowship Crusade Choir. The song is called 'I'll Fly Away.' "

" 'I'll Fly Away,' " Rob says, nodding meaningfully as he turns to go. "It's, you know, great."

The door slams, and Cedric leans back in his chair, bemused, shaking his freshly shaven head. Rob has actually been borrowing some of Cedric's CDs



The Freshman

In 1994, *Wall Street Journal* reporter Ron Suskind stopped by the principal's office in Washington, D.C.'s Frank W. Ballou High School in search of students striving for educational excellence amid discouraging circumstances. There he overheard a young man arguing loudly for a higher grade in a computer science class. "Who," demanded Suskind as soon as the boy had left, "was *that?*"

That was Cedric Jennings, an ambitious fifteen-year-old, the poor son of a clerical worker and a jailed drug dealer, who desperately wanted to make it not only to college, but to an elite four-year institution. Suskind chronicled Cedric's quest in a pair of articles that earned him a Pulitzer Prize in 1995. When Cedric was admitted to Brown's class of 1999, Suskind continued the project as a book centering on Cedric's freshman year. The result is *A Hope in the Unseen*, published this May by Broadway Books.

Cedric's transition from inner city to Ivy League is predictably daunting. Academically, his self-confidence is shattered. Culturally, this product of an all-black neighborhood and a religious upbringing must learn to decode an alien world whose signposts, from Sylvia Plath to Jerry Garcia, are only dimly familiar.

Cedric must also bridge chasms of race and class to find common ground with people like Rob (not his real name), the roommate with whom he spends much of the year feuding; Zayd, a fellow rap-music aficionado who becomes Cedric's first white friend; and Chiniqua, the only other black freshman in Cedric's unit (and his occasional date).

As our excerpt begins, it is spring, and Cedric is beginning to hit his stride.

lately, and Cedric is developing a passing interest in Alanis Morissette, one of Rob's favorites. Crazy.

April, he decides as he cranks Hezekiah a notch, is turning out to be his best month, even if it's only one week old. He's still daydreaming about his Friday night out with Chiniqua. Meanwhile, all's well with Zayd, who beat him last night in Supernintendo – on Cedric's TV, at that. Word is out that the marquee musical act for Spring Weekend in two weeks is the Fugees, so they joyously blasted the group's music in honor of the announcement and talked until late, first in Cedric's room and then in Zayd's. The fact that Zayd got the band's first CD last year, when they were unknown, combined with Cedric's casual aside last winter that he thought the group's curious mix of hip-hop and soul and rock was at best "derivative," gives Zayd bragging rights on having discovered them first. He's crowing over this small victory, something that would have irritated Cedric a few months back. But not so much anymore, Cedric muses, closing psychology for today and stretching some kinks out of his lower back. That Zayd gets straight A's and has pretty fair musical tastes doesn't necessarily say anything about Cedric.

Everything seems to be getting easier. He recalls last semester, when whatever the other kids said or did, the way they acted and addressed him – or, for that matter, ignored him – felt like some form of slight. A judgment on his unworthiness. Cedric's not sure what, specifically, has changed, but actions and words, in the dorm or the cafeteria or the classroom, seem to carry less weight, less personal charge.

Spring, of course, is the season most suited to college life – to the budding senses of nascent adults, to the carefree promise of growth, to the far-from-home feeling of being unbound. Especially in universities of the north, where winters can come hard, the fit is so neat that it's even possible to believe that sun and warmth and soft grass possess transformative powers.

And Brown, in the mid-April lull between midterms and finals, is bursting with flora on the freshly cut main green and with students convinced that they are, finally, at their best.

The University's officially designated party week-

end, with at least one big-name musical act, starts next week, on Thursday, April 18, a week before the reading period for final exams. But Spring Weekend also draws townies from Providence, along with kids from colleges in Rhode Island, Massachusetts, and other states along the East Coast, a crushing crowd of outsiders that alters Brown's social character. Instead, it's this weekend, April 12 and 13, that many students consider the true pinnacle of Brown partying, a weekend when all quarters of the University seem to be working furiously to entertain themselves, turning the campus into a vast progressive dinner party, with each house on the street serving a different dish.

At lunch in the Refectory after Friday calculus, fugal terms, as something designed to distill and separate rather than unite. Now he knows it's more complicated. Walking back to the dorm, he thinks again of his date with Chiniqua, of them talking about R&B artist Keith Sweat and laughing and reminiscing. There is an almost irresistible comfort to being with your own, being able to share what's common and familiar, to be with someone who really understands. Throughout high school, he spent so much energy trying to get away from people like him; now he sometimes feels the opposite urge, the urge to find others who are at least somewhat like him, which is really all that the gays or the Latinos or the Asians are seeking. This morning, Chiniqua men-

Chiniqua mentioned a party tomorrow night at Brown's one black dorm. Cedric thought: I didn't come to Brown to be with only black people. I've already done that.

Cedric picks at his macaroni and cheese with one hand and, with the other, at a pile of three-by-five-inch squares of colored paper: little, shove-in-your-pocket fliers that campus groups disseminate to advertise events. Today the table is blanketed, making for good lunchtime reading.

The gays and lesbians are staging a weekend of parties, culminating in the "Vote Queer, Eat Dinner" fête on Sunday evening for "TNT, LGBTA, BITE, QUEST, Hi-T with Q, SORT, B'GLALA, RUQUS, and all other queer folks" to party and elect officers. The Students of Caribbean Ancestry call one and all to their SOCA Cookup '96 because, a pink flier boasts, "Dis Food Nice!" while a nearby yellow flier shouts: "Celebrate Latino History Month with this Semester's LAST SPANISH HOUSE FIESTA!!! ... Salsa! Meringue! Cumbia! Free Sangria, Beer and NON-ALCS!"

A white flier trumpets "A CAPPELLOOZA II," an a cappella competition that lots of kids in Cedric's unit will be going to – Zayd's roommate, John Frank, will be singing with the Brown Derbies. Under it is a pale yellow one about tonight's Brown University Chamber Ensemble at Alumnae Hall. There are plenty more – announcing Friday and Saturday bashes by fraternities and feminists and anyone else you can imagine – that Cedric glances at and dismisses as he rises with his tray.

The multicultural miasma, with its fixation on group identity and loyalty and authenticity, still unsettles him, though not quite as much as when he arrived last fall. Back then, he saw it solely in centri-

tioned a blowout party tomorrow night at Harambee House, Brown's lone black dorm, and Cedric considers, as he has ten times today, whether to go. He calls forth, also for the tenth time today, his one-line rebuttal: *I didn't come to Brown to be with only black people. I've already done that.*

Later, back in the room, Cedric and Rob talk amiably, still a welcome change after the long months of strife. Rob says he's staying in tonight – or at least has committed to – considering that he still "feels completely whipped" from Funk Night at the Underground, Brown's student-run club. Cedric knows why Rob is mentioning the Underground. Last night, Cedric almost went with the regular Thursday night delegation from the dorm. It was all very natural. Rob asked him to come along. Cedric said sure, and Rob nodded like it was no big deal, even though both of them knew it was. The Underground, especially on Thursdays, has been the dormitory crew's most regular haunt. Cedric has been asked to go dozens of times. He's always demurred and later heard stories of drunkenness and wild dancing. In one way or another, he's let people know, starting around September, that it's the last place someone who doesn't drink and doesn't dance (at least not in public) would want to be – precisely the sort of place, in fact, that Bishop Long, his Washington pastor, and his mother have spent two decades warning him about.

Such warnings ultimately made their last stand in the line that formed last night outside the door of the dark, noisy, subterranean cave, a line in which Cedric was waiting behind five other kids from the hall – and then suddenly he wasn't.

"You were there, right behind me," Zeina told him at breakfast this morning. "Then I turned around and you'd vanished."

The whole thing, already lore throughout the hall, was just plain embarrassing. Cedric, grateful Rob didn't directly razz him about it, rises to get a piece of Wrigley's spearmint gum from his desk and looks out the window, thinking it all through again and realizing how his stern, righteous solitude of last semester must have just looked like terror to everyone else, like someone afraid to join the world. Afraid – afraid of *what*?

Rob sends off some scatological e-mail to a high school friend at the University of Massachusetts and, swiveling in his desk chair, rosy with delight from composing his missive, asks Cedric if he's going to go to the "Sexual Assault and Spring Weekend" dorm outreach in a few days. "'Cause, you know, it could be pretty interesting, how, without even knowing it, you can get into a bad situation."

He's just making conversation, but Cedric, desperate to shore up the miserable image of how he fled from the nightclub line, reaches for a cold bucket of rectitude, one of those discussion-enders his mother used to summon when dangerous issues arose: "I think it's really simple with sex assault or whatever. It's like AIDS. You have sex one time, you can get AIDS, so you just don't do it. Same with sex assault: you don't try having sex, you won't have to worry about something like that happening."

Rob looks at him, clearly befuddled. "But you can't go through life not trying anything. What's the point of that?" And Cedric, feeling suddenly transparent, folds with a glum "Whatever."

His real response, for what it's worth, comes later that night, when his friend Molly, a fast-morphing, once-bald modern dancer, knocks on his door and asks him to come with her to the Underground to see some local comedians. He shrugs. He's got nothing better to do, he says. It ends up being a cinch this time to just stroll in, so much easier than last night, when he could feel all those kids from the unit wondering if he'd pull it off. He sits down at a table with her and his tall glass of ginger ale, dead center in a room filled mostly with white kids drinking watery beer, and waits for some expected discomfort to fade. Or rather, to arrive. After a few minutes and a second ginger ale, though, he realizes that nothing untoward is bound to happen and that, instead, he feels loose and sort of relaxed here with the always-provocative Molly. Soon enough, he's laughing at the comedians with everyone else, having completely forgotten to consider how he must look.

Cedric and his mother, Barbara, who raised her children alone after her husband abandoned the family. His mother, Cedric says, gave him the faith to succeed.

Just after noon on Saturday, Cedric rolls into a column of sunlight that has crept onto his pillow and stirs awake. Lying in bed, barely conscious, he tries to remember the swift-flowing sensations from the night before. No use. After a few minutes, he gives up, able to conjure only a hazy recollection of himself, sitting in the smoky nightclub, feet cleaving to the beer-sticky floor, head back, mouth foolishly open in a hoot.

He snaps upright, trying to shake the image away. After a moment he's surprised to find his thoughts racing back to an in-class writing assignment on his first day of school last fall – a first-person autobiography for his Richard Wright seminar. He started it: "Who is Cedric? I am a very ambitious and very religious person." But, sitting here, he thinks it seems to have been written with someone else's hand, someone he barely knows. Looking down at the hands resting on his thighs, he feels a sensation of freefall and raises his palms to cover his eyes. "Who is Cedric?" he murmurs. "Who is Cedric?"

An hour later, he's walking briskly down an

extension of Thayer Street, where the fashionable shops give way to multi-family housing, and then cuts left toward a working-class section of town. He needs to get away from the University, to clear his head, to get his bearings.

Cedric has ventured a few times before to this part of Providence, beyond the Georgian brick homes of lawyers and professors: fifteen or so square blocks of turn-of-the-century row houses and squat apartments, broken by clusters of solo proprietorships, jewelers, drug stores, and barbers, in buildings charging modest rent. It's urban and a little grimy. As he walks, he feels solemn and a touch heroic, as he used to feel strolling Martin Luther King Boulevard in his neighborhood in Washington.

"Who is Cedric? I am a very ambitious and very religious person." But, sitting here, he thinks his words have been written with someone else's hand, someone he barely knows.

Just past a fenced park where some homeless men are splayed on wrought-iron chairs is a boxy brick building, the Salvation Army's local headquarters. Cedric ducks into the thrift store on the first floor, lingering at a trash can full of scratched skis, then one with tennis rackets, before losing himself in aisles of men's overcoats and plaid sport jackets, picking through them expertly. Eventually he emerges onto the street in a beige wool overcoat with a high, turned-up collar (a real pimp jacket, he thinks, for only $15) and struts a few blocks to some shops clustered around a pizza joint with outdoor tables. The sun, spotty until now, breaks clear, so he buys a ginger ale and sits in the empty row of chairs. Turning left, he catches his reflection in the plate glass window. His thoughts turn to his father, Gilliam. He looks a little like Gilliam now, especially in the coat – or rather the way Gilliam used to look, all slender and stylish, when Cedric was a kid.

The vision is both alluring and unnerving, but he indulges it, thinking of what Gilliam might be looking at these days (back in prison after a good long drink of freedom) and how difficult it will be for his father to find solid work when he gets out, whenever that will be. He'll have to start a business or something, Cedric decides, because who would hire him? "I wouldn't," he mumbles to himself, and laughs hoarsely. He abandoned me at the start and then did it again and again, Cedric reflects, trying, with little success, to muster his customary rage on the subject. He wonders, instead, if his father is still doing drugs (Cedric's mother, Barbara, once said there are plenty of drugs in jail), and whether the drugs make Gilliam sick.

He begins a meandering walk, here and there, stretching for hours. Just walking, trying to keep his bearings through unfamiliar streets, feeling edgy and contemplative and a little wild. At a mom-and-pop jeweler, he tries on some white gold rings he can't afford (a nice complement, though, to the pimp coat) and then, at a nearby corner, approaches a man idling at a red light in his cream Infiniti Q30.

"I love that car. How much does it cost?" Cedric asks, approaching the open driver's-side window.

"Umm, about $55,000," stammers the man, a pudgy, white, fiftyish guy with salt-and-pepper hair who then steps on the gas, as though he's worried Cedric's next request will be for the keys. Cedric just watches the rounded back end speed away.

"Wow," he murmurs, "got to have one of those someday."

As the afternoon wanes, he circles in a wide arc back toward campus. Reviewing his curious, searching day, he wonders about why he needed to get away on his own and reminisce. After a bit, a line pops into his head that he first heard in high school during black-history month. Hell, thinking back, he's probably used this quote in a half-dozen papers. It's one of those classics from W.E.B. Du Bois, the one about the black man having no "true self-consciousness" but rather a "double-consciousness," which Du Bois says is a "sense of always looking at one's self through the eyes of others, of measuring one's soul by the tape of a world that looks on in amused contempt and pity."

He chews on this for a while, turning it over in his head, and finds himself agreeing with the basic idea of blacks having a "double consciousness," but wondering if seeing yourself "through the eyes of others," which everyone, after all, does to some degree, means you can't also have a true self-consciousness. He feels like he's getting one of those – a truer, clearer sense of himself – as he finally pushes forward out of his solitude and mistrust, through his thicket of fears and doubts. Part of that process, he figures, must include days like today, when he's forced to backtrack through a thrift shop

Trust, Respect, and Battles Won

Cedric Jennings feels lucky. Dodging bullets and drug dealers, he emerged from one of the toughest schools in inner-city Washington, D.C., with an acceptance letter to Brown. As *A Hope in the Unseen* makes clear, he is a survivor; but Jennings says his struggle not to succumb to the crime or drugs that have tempted so many is not unique. "I have been blessed with this recognition," he says of the book, "but I'm sure not the only black male out there who's fighting these battles."

There aren't many kids from poor, urban neighborhoods at the University, but even fewer are followed day and night by a Pulitzer Prize-winning reporter from the *Wall Street Journal*. Ron Suskind went to class with Jennings, spoke with him on the phone on days when he wasn't on campus, and – as seen in the excerpt on these pages – he hung out in Jennings's dorm room, went to parties with him, and accompanied him on long, ambling walks through Providence's East Side.

Since the events Suskind relates in his book, Jennings has settled more comfortably into academic life and is beginning to consider what will follow his years at Brown. He continues to study mathematics and education, and this semester he has been an exchange student at Tougaloo College in Mississippi. Jennings plans to go to graduate school in business before he moves on to his real passion: teaching math to eighth- and twelfth-grade students. Why those grades? "Because that's when I had my best teachers," he explains.

First, however, Jennings will run a daunting media gauntlet with Suskind. Shortly after Suskind appears at a Brown Commencement Forum, Jennings will join him for a national book tour, punctuated by television appearances on *Good Morning America* and *Nightline*.

Jennings and Suskind have become close friends; each has worked hard to earn the respect and trust of the other. Though Jennings finds it difficult to read certain sections of the book – especially those having to do with his father – he is proud of what they have accomplished together, and he credits Suskind for his tenacity in trying to see America through the eyes of an African American. "By virtue of him being a white guy, there are things he just couldn't see," Jennings says. "But a lot of black folk think you can't even try. Ron came really, really, really, really close, and he should be given credit for that. What he did is a sign of being able to build bridges." – *Chad Galts*

JOHN FORASTÉ

of memories where, no doubt, some demons are hiding in the racks. Who knows: maybe slaying those demons is the reason he has to keep going back.

He's back near the Salvation Army now, only six or seven blocks from campus, and up ahead is the Eastside Marketplace, an independent supermarket that he's visited a few times to buy food. Finals will start in a couple of weeks, and he figures this is a good time to load up on provisions, cheap and bulky fare for when he gets hungry, studying late – something to sustain him in a pinch. Walking across the parking lot, Cedric suddenly laughs out loud, causing a passing lady to stare. He realizes that what he really *needs* is Oodles of Noodles. A couple boxes. The dread Oodles (a staple to stave off starvation in the lean days of his youth, a dish he swore he'd never, ever buy when he grew up) are what he feels a sudden craving for. He may even down a bowl when he gets back to the dorm.

Dinnertime is approaching, and East Andrews is bustling, everyone revving up for Saturday night. Cedric, striding through with his bag of groceries, feels curiously renewed from his journey, ready now for almost anything. Balancing the groceries on his knee, the pimp jacket on his arm, he grabs the pen dangling from Chiniqua's grease pad and writes, "Hey, what time's that party at Harambee tonight? Call me. Cedric."

The groceries are barely unpacked onto his closet shelves when the phone rings.

"Hello."

"Cedric? It's me, Clarence. I'm in Providence."

"Mr. Taylor?! What are you doing here?" Clarence Taylor is Cedric's chemistry teacher and devoted mentor from high school. Without the relentless prodding and encouragement from this bear-like, deeply religious man, Cedric would almost certainly never have made it to Brown.

"I stopped through on my way to the marathon, you know, in Boston. I'm so happy I got you."

They make a plan to meet, and Cedric hangs up, thoroughly astonished. What a day, past and present colliding, and now Clarence Taylor! Fifteen minutes later, on the far side of Brown's main green, he spots a white Cutlass Ciera and breaks into a trot.

"Cedric Jennings, as I live and breathe," the teacher shouts.

"I always imagined the unseen as a place, a place I couldn't yet see, up ahead, where I'd be welcomed and accepted, just for who I am."

"Oh Gawwd. Mr. Taylor. I can't believe you're here," Cedric says, panting, and they hug, the student now towering over his old teacher.

"My oh my, you're really growing up. Look at you," exults Mr. Taylor. Cedric has never seen Clarence in this context – sloppily casual in his hooded gray sweatshirt, jeans, and sandals with no socks, far from home and with his wife, who nods politely from the far side of the car.

After Clarence grills him a bit on academics and Cedric talks a little about his searching day, Clarence opens the car door. "I got something for you." He reaches into the back seat, behind the Styrofoam Gatorade cooler and a bag of pretzels, and pulls out a Bible-study magazine. "Here, I brought this."

Cedric looks at it blankly and says earnestly, "I'll read it as soon as I get back."

Clarence looks over at his wife and tells Cedric, "We're going to have to get going soon," but his visit wouldn't be complete without a recitation. He's been saving this one up.

Cedric smiles benignly as Clarence plunges into Romans, chapter 8, verse 35: "Whoooooo," he intones, "shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? As it is written: 'For Your sake we are killed all day long; we are accounted as sheep for the slaughter.' " He pauses for dramatic effect, preparing the punchline. "Yet in all these things we are more than conquerors through Him who loved us."

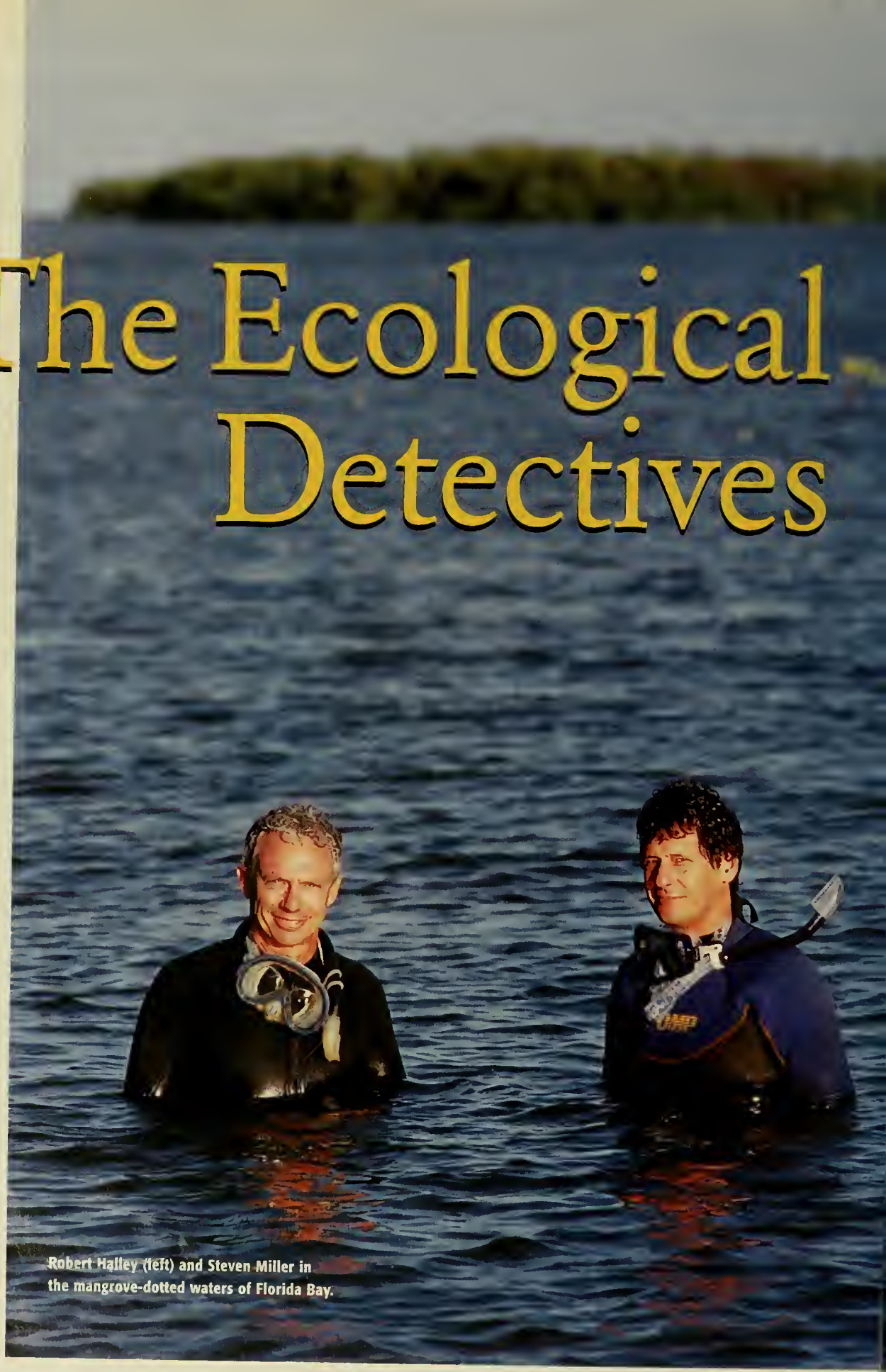
Nodding along with each verse, Cedric knows Mr. Taylor wants him to say something, something profound and scriptural. "Well, Mr. Taylor, you certainly got every word of that one from Romans right," Cedric says, mostly to fill the silence. "But, you know, I think I like it better when you get a few words wrong, like you used to." Clarence's expectant smile fades a bit, and Cedric says the thing that just dawned on him. "Remember when we were in your classroom that time, and LaTisha was busting me about putting all my faith in making it to the Ivy League, to a place I'd never seen, where I might not be welcomed? And you said that thing, remember? About faith, you know, how the substance of faith is a hope in the unseen? You botched it and all, but in a good way," he says as Clarence squints, trying to bring the memory into focus. But Cedric pushes forward – there's almost no one else he can tell this to.

"Well, thing is, I always imagined the unseen as a place, a place I couldn't yet see, up ahead, where I'd be welcomed and accepted, just for who I am. And I still feel like it is a place, an imagined place, really, either here or somewhere else, that I'll get to someday. But first, you know, now I realize that there's work I need to do, too. I need to know – to really know – who I am, and accept who I am, deal with some of my own issues. That's got to come first, before I can expect other people to accept me. The good thing, though, is that it seems like I'm just now coming into focus to myself – you know, beginning to see myself more clearly."

Clarence looks at him tenderly, wanting, it seems, to second Cedric's insight. "The unseen may be a place in your heart," he says cheerily. "Well, God bless." They hug again, promise to write, and soon the Cutlass is on its way to Boston and Cedric is strolling buoyantly back toward the dorm. He discards the Bible magazine on a stoop on the Green – maybe someone else needs it – and looks up, thinking he smells a coming rain.

From A Hope in the Unseen *(Broadway Books).*

The Ecological Detectives



Robert Halley (left) and Steven Miller in the mangrove-dotted waters of Florida Bay.

BY NORMAN BOUCHER

The natural world of south Florida is dying. Robert Halley '71 Sc.M. and Steven Miller '76 are part of an army of scientists trying to figure out why.

Florida is our southeastern frontier, the elongated big toe of North America testing the waters of imagination and excess. It's where children revel in Walt Disney's calculating empire of cartoon fantasy, where men and women begin their trips through weightlessness to the moon and stars, where the old go to fish and golf and prepare themselves for the sweet hereafter.

The southern tip of Florida is nature's analogue to this man-made world of overheated whimsy. The region contains the Everglades, a landscape of shifting light and penetrating smells, an extravagant canvas for the diversity of life, unruly and largely inaccessible without considerable effort. In biogeographic terms, south Florida's dark mangrove creeks and ancient cypress swamps, its eye-bending sawgrass prairies and soupy estuaries sit precisely where the temperate meets the tropical, creating the nation's only subtropical wilderness. A canoe moving through the brackish primordial soup of a south Florida mangrove creek at the right time of year cuts through so many newborn fish that their roiling mimics the sight and sound of rain falling on water.

South Florida has historically been the hiding place of defiant Indian tribes, runaway slaves, moonshiners, drug smugglers, and murderers – not to mention alligators, crocodiles, poisonous snakes, and more than a dozen species of mosquitoes. For most of its history, the region has been an emblem of the untamed run amok, a wasteland made all the sweeter for having been drained, cut, straightened, poisoned, and burned into the cities of Miami and West Palm Beach.

For 300 years, this industry of elevating the primitive into the civilized has coexisted with – and mostly overwhelmed – the persistent notion that the natural world of south Florida is not primitive but is, in fact, one of the most magnificent works of either God (at first) or evolution (more recently). To the few who, until recently, ventured into it, the Everglades was, as Marjory Stoneman Douglas described it in her 1947 classic, *The Everglades: River of Grass*, "one of the unique regions of the earth, remote, never wholly known."

It was in response to this other view of south Florida that in 1947 the federal government established Everglades National Park and, in later years, set aside other preserves in the Big Cypress to the north and at Key Biscayne and the Tortugas to the south. Yet, as it was shielding small portions of south Florida from the developers and speculators, the government, through the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers, was also becoming the region's chief despoiler, digging canals to drain the land and straightening and "channelizing" the Kissimmee River at the head of the south Florida ecosystem. The Corps' masterpiece, however, came on line in the early 1960s, when it finished the historic Central and Southern Florida Flood Control Project: 1,400 miles of canals and levees, 150 gates and spillways, and sixteen of the largest pumping stations the world had ever seen. The constantly shifting sheet flow of fresh water through the Everglades – which was once 100 miles long and forty miles wide – was now transformed into a uniform "schedule of water deliveries" designed to produce the predictability required for large-scale agriculture and for suburbs that don't periodically revert to swamps.

The ecological damage this schedule would produce was immediately apparent. In 1962, when a prolonged drought followed the completion of the Corps' project, the combination so reduced the amount of water flowing into Everglades National Park that managers desperately dynamited holes in the limestone to create pools for alligators, which were rapidly disappearing. In 1994, John Ogden, then a biologist with the park, estimated that the number of wading birds nesting there had declined by 95 percent since the 1930s. By the time of Ogden's study, agriculture and urban sprawl had reduced the area covered by the Everglades by half. "We once had an ecosystem that we called the Everglades," Ogden is fond of saying. "Now we have a big wetland out there, and we still call it the Everglades. But it's not."

The Everglades is only the most famous example of what has been happening to all of south Florida, from Lake Okeechobee down through the Florida Keys and the coral reef just offshore. Alarmed at the decline, national environmental groups have joined local ones to

JOHN TORATE

form organizations such as the Everglades Coalition, which has been steadfastly working to restore the area's biological heritage. By the early 1990s, south Florida had become the focus of the largest environmental restoration project ever attempted, a project that will eventually cost billions of dollars. Even the channelized Kissimmee River will be released, allowed to return to its ancient route. Ironically, helping to lead the way for all this is the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers.

Robert Halley '71 Sc.M. and Steven Miller '75 were among the scientists drawn to this dream of restoration in the late 1980s and early 1990s. Born in different parts of the United States and specialists in different scientific disciplines, they are united by two things: their time at Brown and their love for south Florida's natural world.

Of the two, Halley has more experience in the Sunshine State. A twenty-three-year veteran of the U.S. Geological Survey (USGS), he spent the first six years as a scientist based in Miami and the next six years in Denver before being sent to the Woods Hole Oceanographic Institute on Cape Cod. In the 1980s, as the USGS responded to public concern about the condition of the environment, it sent Halley to Woods Hole to help develop a coastal program to complement its research on ocean geology.

Halley faced a similar task when, in 1989, he moved from Woods Hole to St. Petersburg, Florida, and, with five colleagues, opened the USGS's national coastal center. One immediate assignment was to analyze Florida's complex coastline and the limestone that, among other things, contains most of the region's fresh water. Today the office employs a staff of fifty. Halley, who also holds an adjunct faculty appointment in the departments of geology and marine sciences at the nearby University of South Florida, has meanwhile become a USGS representative on the interagency committee monitoring the research conducted for the south Florida restoration.

Although Halley still must handle the occasional managerial project, in 1992 he gladly transferred the administration of the south Florida office to others so he could return to his first love: science. "I did my undergraduate work at Oberlin," he says, "and was a premed student until the spring of 1968. Then, in 1969, we landed the first astronaut on the moon, and geology suddenly became a big thing. I was hooked." What fascinated him, he says, is the sense of time geology opens up, of the distant past hidden in today's rocks. "I think it was [anthropologist] Loren Eiseley who said that geology's real contribution to mankind is this concept of geological time," Halley explains. "No other field except astronomy has such a sense of time. You can pick up a rock and in it is information on the way things were a million years ago. We don't normally think about time like that."

Halley's love of geology blossomed at Brown and continued through his Ph.D. work at the State University of New York at Stony Brook. As a master's candidate at Brown, he specialized in the study of limestone under his adviser, Leo LaPorte, who later left Brown for the University of California at Santa Cruz. But Halley's greatest intellectual influence was Professor Emeritus of Geological Sciences John Imbrie, who, he says, "is one of those amazingly original people who influences a whole generation of scientists." Imbrie pioneered techniques of taking sediments from the ocean bottom and, by analyzing microscopic fossils, reconstructing ancient environments and climates. Those techniques are central to Halley's Florida work.

Halley's focus is Florida Bay, the 850-square-mile estuary that lies between the tip of peninsular Florida and the Florida Keys. Protected by the Keys, the bay has a bottom that is a complex mosaic of mud banks and shallow depressions. Some mud banks are so close to the surface that red mangroves grow on them. These further shield the depressions in the bay, which are, in effect, petri dishes full of rich, subtropical broth of various salinities. It would be difficult to overexaggerate the biological productivity of Florida Bay. It is a major nursery for fish in the Gulf of Mexico and a feeding ground for millions of birds ranging in size from least terns to greater flamingos.

Unfortunately, Florida Bay is also the last stop in the south Florida ecosystem. Before south Florida was drained for development, water moved in a slow-moving seasonal ballet from Lake Okeechobee down

JOHN FORASTÉ (2)

Until this century, water during the wet season spilled over the south rim of Lake Okeechobee and into a plain of sawgrasss 100 miles long, forty miles wide, and only a few inches deep. Even today, the water in the Everglades appears still; in fact it is slowly moving south to Florida Bay.

through 100 miles of Everglades and into the bay. As the fresh water moved south, it acted as a huge solar collector, producing abundant energy to fuel a food chain of breathtaking biological diversity. It also seeped down through the peaty Everglades soil and into the limestone, recharging the Biscayne Aquifer, which is the water supply for most of south Florida. When at last the remaining water reached Florida Bay, it combined with the ocean water surging upward from the Caribbean to provide just the right saltiness for turtle grass to grow along much of its bottom and fuel the rich food chain based there.

South Florida had become the focus of the largest environmental restoration project ever attempted, a project that will eventually cost billions of dollars

Since the completion of the Corps of Engineers' massive flood control project in the early 1960s, much less fresh water has been making it to Florida Bay. This was largely unnoticed until the late 1980s, when salt levels in the bay rose so high that vast areas of turtle grass began to die. In hydrological jargon, the bay went "hypersaline," with disastrous results.

Publicity about the decline of Florida Bay led to wider concern about what had happened to the Everglades and all of south Florida. Many were quick to blame the ecological crash on almost thirty years of altered hydrology. But scientists were not so sure. If there is one characteristic that distinguishes south Florida's ecosystem, it is change. On various temporal and spatial scales, conditions are constantly shifting, from day to day, season to season, year to year, decade to decade, and probably beyond. One reason, in fact, that birds are so successful in south Florida is that its landscape appears to them as a buffet table continually being refreshed. If a bird's feeding area changes or becomes fished out, there is always someplace within easy flying distance that is just reaching its peak.

Could it be, scientists are still asking, that the changes in Florida Bay, though catastrophic to the biological conditions we have become accustomed to, are part of a larger natural cycle that we don't yet understand? Robert Halley's research is intended to answer such questions. "When ecologists started asking 'What's wrong with Florida Bay?' one of the first questions was: what did it used to be like? If you are trying to restore an ecosystem, you have to know what you are restor-

"There are so many examples of our going in to try to restore nature," says Steven Miller. "There are so many examples when we've been burned."

ing it to. We are taking the same techniques that John Imbrie pioneered to study what an area looked like hundreds of thousands of years ago and using them to figure out what it looked like 150 years ago."

Halley and his colleagues take mud-core samples from Florida Bay and then measure "proxies" in the mud. In this case, proxies are various isotopes that once

UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA AT WILMINGTON

***Aquarius*, the world's only underwater laboratory, rests on the Florida reef tract a few miles offshore from Key Largo, Florida, in sixty feet of water. It allows up to six scientists to study the reef for ten days without surfacing.**

circulated in the water and got locked into the shells of mollusks and of a single-celled protozoan called *foraminifera*, or, simply, forams. As the forams died, they piled up in the sediment, storing in their shells clues about the ecology of the bay at the time of their death. "The isotopes of oxygen," Halley says, "are proxies for temperature and salinity. The carbon isotopes are a proxy for biological productivity and can also tell us a lot about where the water at the time might have come from." Already, the work of Halley and his colleagues has revealed that a similar increase in salinity occurred in the 1930s. Was that a natural change? It so happens that the 1930s were when the first big successful drainage projects were under way in the Everglades; was the increase in salinity triggered by that? The most plausible theory so far is that the uncontrolled drainage of the first half of this century has so weakened Florida Bay that it can no longer absorb natural events such as prolonged drought. But the mystery remains unsolved.

Steven Miller faces a similar conundrum at his base in Key Largo, where he directs the Florida Keys research program for the University of North Carolina at Wilmington's National Undersea Research Center. Funded by the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration (NOAA), the undersea research program has six centers around the country; the one in Wilmington covers the entire Southeast, including the Keys.

Just as Robert Halley is trying to sort out the reasons for the ecosystem decline in Florida Bay, Miller, a marine biologist, is helping lead an effort to examine why coral diversity on the 220-mile-long Florida reef tract has been slipping downward over the past two decades. Like many reefs in the Caribbean and other parts of the world, the Florida reef, which is actually a series of ridges and channels running from Miami to the Dry Tortugas, has been suffering from "bleaching," which describes what happens when corals under stress expel the algae they need to provide nourishment. "It does appear," Miller says, "that abundance and distribution of coral disease have increased over the last few years. But is the increase a result of increased stress, and if so, what are the causes of that stress?" Some scientists have argued that the culprit could be global warming or an increase in nutrients transported by the oceans from increasingly developed coastlines. But such connections are far from proven, and in the case of the Florida reef tract, the area has been so poorly studied that even fundamental data are only now being gathered. The Florida Keys research program, for example, was begun only in 1991.

Miller's route to south Florida was more circuitous than Halley's. After attending high school in Minneapolis, he entered Brown intending to become a medical doctor. "The New Curriculum attracted me to Brown," he recalls. "And one of my science teachers strongly encouraged me to go. But I came from a public high school where you didn't work very hard and did real well, and when I got to Brown I learned that the same level of effort will get you nowhere." In other words, he adds, "I would describe my undergraduate career as uneventful."

He did, however, discover a strong liking for biology. After graduating with a biology concentration, Miller went to St. Croix in the U.S. Virgin Islands to visit a friend. He intended to spend three weeks and stayed four years, captivated by the underwater world of the Caribbean. Supporting himself with work as a bartender and waiter, Miller began taking classes at the now-defunct West Indies Laboratory, which was run by Fairleigh Dickinson University. When a job opened for a technician working with one of the world's leading coral-reef experts, Miller applied. One credential helped to distinguish him from the other applicants, he reports: "I have found that the undergraduate degree from

JOHN FORASTÉ (2)

South Florida's vegetable farms and sugar fields are on peat soil that was once part of the Everglades, which agricultural and urban development has cut in half. The ecological restoration underway there hopes to create an ecosystem that can live with its man-made surroundings.

Brown has been helpful. It offers instant credibility."

At Key Largo, Miller balances his time between conducting research and ministering to the needs of other scientists studying the reef. The centerpiece of the Florida Keys research program is *Aquarius,* the world's only underwater laboratory. Originally based off St. Croix, *Aquarius,* an eighty-ton structure that houses bunk beds, laboratory work stations, and even hot showers, was moved to a spot on the Florida reef in 1993, shortly after the area became the Florida Keys National Marine Sanctuary. Scientists apply to the research program to spend ten days living in *Aquarius* conducting underwater studies. "It was stunning how little had been done here on this reef," Miller says. "Until *Aquarius,* coral-reef biologists were going to different parts of the world to conduct research."

Despite the demands of the *Aquarius* program, which Miller administers, he has been able to make a few scientific observations that could help show how linked even this coral reef is to the peninsular south Florida ecosystem. In 1995, he led a multidisciplinary expedition of scientists that systematically gathered data from the entire reef, the first Keys-wide assessment of the Florida reef tract. "During this cruise," Miller says, "we saw evidence of recent die-off of several species of brain corals in the middle Keys. That would be consistent with Florida Bay water making it out to the reef tract."

Miller is not ready, however, to conclude that the reef is being damaged by man-made changes to the region's environment. "The corals that died," he explains, "died because they became covered with sediments from Florida Bay." Those sediments were most likely freed from the bottom of the bay when it suffered its massive turtle-grass die-off in the late 1980s and early 1990s. But what caused the turtle grass to die? Here is where Miller's and Halley's work meet: If Halley's work can help show that the turtle-grass decline was probably a cyclical, natural phenomenon, then the coral die-off Miller observed is most likely a natural event. But if the turtle-grass die-off is primarily due to the altered hydrology of south Florida, then we humans are not only killing off the Everglades; we're working on the reef tract as well.

Miller and Halley both emphasize that definitive answers are a long way off. Science, it seems, often moves according to geological time. Unfortunately, south Florida's natural world cannot wait aeons for restoration; its decline is happening far too quickly. Guided by scientists such as Halley, the replumbing of south Florida is proceeding cautiously, but proceed it must. Most researchers are convinced that enough is known to begin altering the way water moves down through the ecosystem so that the timing and spatial pattern of its flow replicate the presettlement condition as much as possible. The guiding principle is something called adaptive management, which specifies periodic monitoring to see whether a given restoration step is working. One thing is certain: no one knows what the south Florida of 2040 will look like, but almost everyone hopes it won't resemble the south Florida of 1990.

"What *are* our expectations about all this?" asks Steven Miller. "People want nature in south Florida and the Keys to be the way it used to be. But what does that mean? The way it used to be when? There are so many examples of our going in to try to restore nature. There are so many examples when we've been burned." This time, both men are determined to do what they can to get it right.

The Year of Thinking Dangerously

FILE PHOTO

The events of 1969–70 changed Brown and the world around it. A novelist remembers the uncertainties and tensions that are the stuff of good historical fiction.

BY THOMAS MALLON '73

This past January I went on a book tour for the paperback version of my latest historical novel. The second-to-last stop, on a Friday night, was Prairie Lights Books in Iowa City, where my reading was broadcast live over the regional National Public Radio outlet. When I'd finished, I sat at a table at the back of the store, signing books and chatting with some local women who had just discussed the novel in their reading group. A man who looked to be about my age stood next to them, smiling, and I tried to draw him into the conversation. He hung back, but he didn't stop grinning – not until the scales fell from my eyes.

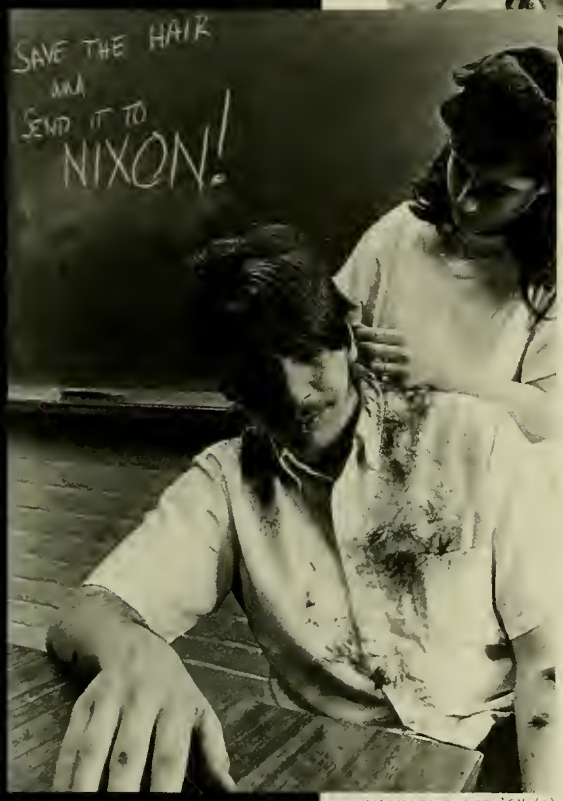
"I had the radio on," he said. "I got in the car when I realized it was you."

Sixteen years had passed since I'd seen Tom Lewis, now an associate professor of comparative literature at the University of Iowa. The two of us had completely lost track of each other. But we could both still tell you, exactly, the day we met: Sunday, September 7, 1969, when we arrived as freshmen at Brown.

BRUCE DAVIDSON/MAGNUM PHOTOS

The author's freshman year was marked by dueling signage, such as the strike flag slung from dormitory windows (facing page) and a placard wielded by an outnumbered dissenter (left), as well as by shifting campus demographics. Above, student models wait their turn during a fashion show, part of the Black Arts Festival.

Tom – like me, a literary-minded financial-aid student – had settled in two rooms down from mine on the second floor of Archibald House in the West (now Keeney) Quad, and that night we both sat in Arnold Lounge for an orientation meeting. Two upperclass proctors spoke. The first one I recall wearing madras bermuda shorts and dorky black-rimmed glasses (exactly the kind I had on), and he proceeded earnestly to recite the University's restrictions concerning alcohol, drugs, and girls in our rooms. The second proctor, an altogether more relaxed presence, followed up with some practical remarks about how we could comfortably accommodate alcohol, drugs, and girls in our rooms. I remember, during this latter presentation, watching proctor number one out of the corner of my eye and feeling a sorry solidarity with him: another fish out of the Aquarian Age's water. In case you've forgotten how fast that water was churning, consider that the twelve weeks since we'd all graduated from high school had brought the first moon landing, Chappaquiddick,



MICHAEL BOYER '68 (2)

From exchanging pleasantries at a freshman-week picnic (top) to getting shorn in "People's Hall" (Sayles) for the greater good of the off-campus anti-war effort, Brown and Pembroke students rode a roller coaster of new, often discordant, experiences.

the Manson murders, the Stonewall riot, and Woodstock.

If the scene in Arnold Lounge were the beginning of an historical novel set during my freshman year at Brown, chapter one would probably end later that first night with me lying awake in my dormitory room, too homesick to sleep, hearing this maddening little click about once every minute. I didn't realize until morning that it was my roommate's digital clock – the kind where the numbers flip like cards on a Rolodex, and the absolute *dernier cri* in mechanical marvels.

In some ways, I might be the ideal narrator of such a novel. I lived as a watchful nonparticipant in the tumult of that year, an even more straitjacketed Nick Carraway, if you moved him from West Egg to the West Quad. On the New Curriculum's maiden voyage, I was a sort of stowaway. The November 25, 1969, *Brown Daily Herald* reported that 3.1 percent of freshmen were choosing to take all their courses for grades, instead of the new S/NC option. I was among the 3.1 percent. And in the year's larger drama, the movement of Vietnam protest from the fall's moratoria to the spring's great strike, I felt similarly offstage and embattled. On October 14, I argued to my roommate: weren't the professors who were canceling tomorrow's classes breaking a contractual obligation, forcing me to cooperate in furthering a political position I didn't hold? (I thought Nixon's policy of Vietnamization was the most realistic way for us to withdraw from the war.) He countered that I should make a sacrifice for peace by not going to class. "Well, let me tell you how he spent the day 'working for peace'," I later wrote to a high school friend. "He slept late – watched television – and then went to his economics class. I asked him what happened to his sacrifice? Well, he just had to go to class, he said, because [his girlfriend] is coming up Friday for Homecoming and he has to skip class to pick her up and he can't afford to miss it twice."

Reading my letters after nearly thirty years, I thought: God, how did my roommate stand such a shrill little prig?

My high school friend recently presented me with a whole batch of these letters, and my chief reaction to reading this one after nearly thirty years was: God, how did my roommate stand me? Such a shrill little prig,

University Hall might have been ringed with demonstrators, but parietals remained in effect until the end of the year.

FILE PHOTO

Acting President and Professor of Economics Merton P. Stoltz conferred with students during the early days of the May anti-war strike.

without a hint of appreciation for the situation's comic aspect. Even now, I can't bear the sound of that voice, let alone the goofy handwriting and bad punctuation. No, for any novel set in 1969–70, I'd have to find another point of view, and certainly another hero.

As I sit here, a few months before my twenty-fifth reunion, my desk covered with old letters and Xeroxes from the *BDH*, I do see a theme emerging for any novelist inclined to work this material, a theme that links to something a professor suggested in a poetry course my sophomore year. She said the most forceful literature always arises from inner tension, be it that between the Transcendental and the Calvinist in Emily Dickinson, or the rakish and the spiritual in John Donne. In a whole community, not just one poet's head, it is the cultural contradictions that give a story life. College Hill was full of them that year.

Everywhere on campus one found solderings of the aborning and the obsolete, like the modern glass doors stuck into the Romanesque arch of Wilson Hall. The class of '73 was Brown's first to have a racial demographic remotely like the country's, and from week one we did a painfully good job of segregating ourselves ("Blacks, Whites Separated for Talk of Black Experience," announced the *Herald*). My intense yearlong course on seventeenth- and eighteenth-century French history could not have seemed more sealed off from the "real world," but it ended with slender, severe Professor William Church addressing the question of whether conditions for revolution existed in the present-day United States to the extent that they had in 1789. He thought not.

Just as the moratorium and Homecoming weekend competed for my roommate's attention, new customs vied for supremacy with old folkways – with limited success. One didn't have to take any science or math or anything else one didn't want to, but most professors still called us "Mister" and "Miss." Dr. Roswell Johnson, the sexually-hip health-services director who became infamous for dispensing the Pill to Pembrokers, was also the epitome of WASP tweediness. Which leads me to believe I would probably be better off with a heroine than a hero for this novel, because the last wave of Pembrokers found themselves suspended in an even wider array of transitions than their Brown brethren. The first coed dormitory had come into existence, but the *BDH* headline announcing it read, "Pink Curtains Flutter in Wriston Quad." University Hall might have been ringed with demonstrators from time to time, but parietals remained in effect until the end of the academic year.

Present-day consciousness is generally fatal to historical fiction. It would be tempting, in this novel set during 1969–70, to take a mention of the just-graduated and already legendary Ira Magaziner '69, co-architect of the New Curriculum, and nudge it forward into his later, gray-haired authorship of the failed Clinton health plan. Or to conjure up the glamorous future of fin-de-siècle Brown – the high-gloss, coveted campus one now sees in *Vanity Fair* – during a scene reflecting its more humble times. ("Who rejected you?" a classmate once asked, striking up a laundry-room conversation. "Harvard or Yale?") But one has to let the era-to-era correspondences, and contrasts, come naturally to the reader's mind.

On my most recent visit to Providence, I walked past the window of my old room in Archibald House and saw the lit square of a computer screen. I wondered if the student sitting in front of it, not far from where

JHU PHOTO

MICHAEL ST. A. RUSH '98

Scenes on the Green: a rally (top) and a pastry sale for peace.

my mechanical typewriter used to rest, was e-mailing a friend across campus. (Surely no one lines up at the handful of pay phones with which we used to make do.) I found myself remembering the night I played an early computer game with a couple of friends in one of the science labs. This pre-Space Invaders competition involved flipping toggle switches on and off as fast as one could; with all the moving parts, it was a lot closer to our fathers' pinball machines than anything that came after.

My first year at Brown is exactly as far from 1997–98 as it was from the Pearl Harbor year of 1941–42. In certain respects, both psychic and technological, 1969–70 may have been closer to that earlier era. The campus I remember walking around at nighttime, three decades ago, was dark to the point of spookiness, or at least romance. It didn't take much imagination to slip back into the Providence of H.P. Lovecraft when you made your way down Benefit Street or even past the Van Wickle Gates. Today the University is altogether brighter with ornamental and security lights, and it's hard, when you're there, to lose yourself.

If its sense and meaning remain elusive, the texture of my freshman year – the details through which any book succeeds or fails in re-creating a period – can be summoned in an instant, so much of it having been printed on my still-adolescent *tabula rasa*: the orange "bug juice" we drank in the Ratty; the music and clothing shops on a still-unfranchised Thayer Street; the greasy food from the trucks at the corner of Brown and George ("Papa, give me a hamburger grinder, and hold the dirt" – the voice of my friend Jay, I'm sure); the scratchy sound of the timer lights in the B-level stacks of

Spring Weekend, with James Taylor, whose sweet songs were never off the turntables, would be the idyll two weeks before the convulsion.

the Rock, where I fell in love with Keats and worked far harder than was good for me.

A few of the Big Scenes are obvious. The draft lottery, in which most freshman males had a stake, was broadcast over WBRU, provoking shouts of ecstasy and despair throughout the West Quad as the numbers were drawn. We generally ignored the lunar landings, but the 95 percent solar eclipse on March 7, greeted from the courtyard with loud music and more awe than we were willing to admit, is available for the novelist's symbolic manipulation. Spring Weekend, with James Taylor, whose sweet songs were never off the turntables, would be the interlude, the idyll, two weeks before the convulsion.

The student strike, the obvious climax for this novel, caused me a kind of double anguish. I still remember the moment and place I heard about the shootings at Kent State. I was walking with my friend John Maguire. We'd just finished dinner, and it was still light out. A security guard, Lieutenant Walsh, told us the news when we crossed Benevolent Street. That night the College bell summoned students to the Green for a vote on whether to suspend academic activities for the rest of the year. When we got there, candles were shining in each of University Hall's windows – a tribute to the four students who'd been killed, we freshmen thought, until we learned that the candles were there, as they are every spring, to commemorate George Washington's visit to the University.

Once again, as the vote was taken, I was in a minority, if not so spectacularly as with the grading option. A total of 1,895 students voted to strike; 884 (more than memory would have guessed) voted not to. The real source of my misery lay in the fact that I no longer believed in the government's policy either, certainly not in its "incursion" into Cambodia. I felt estranged from every side. On the morning of May 5th, awakening to the sound of a bullhorn on the street – "BROWN UNIVERSITY ON STRIKE!" – I pulled the pillow over my head. I think this would be the week I hung up on my gentle but still pro-Nixon father from one of those pay phones in the West Quad.

I stayed in my room or at the library, writing a long paper on Romantic poetry that I didn't really need to turn in. Everywhere else, at least for a while, the war protests thrived. A schedule of "Strike Activities" for Thursday, May 7, 1970, listed twenty-six separate events, four of them at 9:30 a.m.

- Providence leafletting – need cars and drivers – room 200, Sayles
- Canvassing begins – Sayles
- Guerrilla Theatre Meeting – Sayles – participants will go out into community at 10:00 am
- Big Mother [coffee house] – meeting for home town activities directed toward liberal uncommitted businessmen.

As the last item shows, "bringing the war home," a familiar phrase from the era, would soon have to mean, at least for a while, one's actual home. Summer put an end to this academic year as to any other, the dispersal of everyone, as always, so sudden and strange – very much, in fact, like shutting a book.

A character in one of my novels, an old man named Horace Sinclair, divides the world into two kinds of people: those who, "when they pass a house, wonder who lives there, and those who, when they pass it, wonder who *used* to live there." The historical novelist will, in part, choose distant subjects as a relief from his own life, but of course he's always present somewhere in the book, and I recognize this passage as coming not from Colonel Sinclair, but from myself. For whatever reasons, I get on with the present much better once it's become the past.

A few months ago, when I went back to the John Hay Library, the University archivist brought me that strike schedule, along with hundreds of other stencils run off by the "People's Print Shop" in Sayles Hall. They're now preserved in two brown portfolios tied up with laces – just like the oldest books I'd revered in the B-level stacks of the Rock. When I untied them, my feelings toward those papers, as dead and not-dead as my eighteen-year-old self, were more tender than anything else. I remember the year that produced them as painful, but as the one that set me on my way, however circuitously, to what I wanted to be doing. The manuscripts of my own novels are now also in the Hay, a sort of advance final resting place, a peaceful eventuality I never considered when I walked the brick sidewalks of Prospect Street that year – lonely, afraid, and constantly excited.

Thomas Mallon's most recent books are Henry and Clara *and* Dewey Defeats Truman. *In March, he won the National Book Critics Circle Award for excellence in reviewing.*

My Mother, My Loss

When a mother dies, young people are often scarred by a grief they don't understand. Sociologist Lynn Davidman may be helping a new generation chart a healthier path.

BY ANNE DIFFILY

Doris had just hung up the phone when she heard her father's cry. It was a Saturday morning in February 1958, and the Rockville Centre, New York, teen had been making plans with a friend to catch a movie that afternoon. But her father's stricken voice wrenched her from carefree adolescence into a darker realm. Doris ran to her parents' bedroom and saw her mother lying on the bed, dead.

The fifteen-year-old was Doris Kearns Goodwin, now an eminent historian who recounted the life-changing moment in her 1997 memoir, *Wait Till Next Year*. "My father was sitting on the edge of my mother's bed, sobbing into his hands," Goodwin wrote. "Perhaps my mother's long illness... should have prepared me for the prospect of her death. Yet... I recoiled in shock at the sight of her body."

Losing one's mother is shocking at any age; losing a mother during adolescence is particularly shattering, says Lynn Davidman, associate professor of sociology, Judaic studies, and women's studies. Davidman should know. Not only is she completing three years of research on the topic and writing a book, *Growing Up Motherless*, due out next year, but as a young teenager she herself lost her mother to cancer. It was an experience Davidman has never entirely recovered from – a point that became clear after her father died in 1993 and Davidman fell to pieces at her parents' grave site in Jerusalem.

In the aftermath of that unexpected emotional meltdown, Davidman went on to locate and interview thirty men and thirty women whose mothers had died when the interviewees were between the ages of ten and fifteen. It's an age range, Davidman explains, when the effects of what she has dubbed "motherloss" are especially acute. The children are old enough to retain vivid memories of life before and after their mother's death, but they are not yet mature enough to be self-sufficient; they still require nurturing.

What Davidman found is heartbreakingly poignant: most of the interviewees had never talked about their mothers' deaths until she sat down with them one-on-one. Often both she and the respondents cried during their two-to-three-hour meetings. The loss of care experienced by every one of the subjects – and by Davidman herself – had an enormous effect on their adult lives, leading many to seek out gentle, nurturing mates or to go into caregiving careers such as nursing.

Indeed, motherloss seemed to color everything in a person's life, from the prosaic, such as decisions not to return to work after childbirth, to the archetypal. Over the years most of the interviewees had constructed culturally stereotyped, idealized views of their mothers. They described doting moms who baked delicious cookies and sewed elaborate Halloween costumes. "Daily life with my mother was so unbelievably good," one middle-aged male professor told Davidman, "you might think I made it up." A woman who had been severely beaten by her mother as a young child astounded Davidman by insisting that the same woman, if she had lived, would now be "my best friend." The deceased mothers became powerful, madonna-like icons – a fact not lost on Davidman, much of whose scholarship has examined the intersection of sociology and religion.

What unhinged the normally composed Davidman on a chill November day in Israel in 1993 had little to do with her father's death and everything to do with issues she assumed she had buried along with her mother's body twenty-one years earlier. After all, father and daughter had barely spoken during that time, since a rift arose over Lynn's rejection of his Orthodox Judaism. No, what pierced her composure was seeing, for the first time, the grave in Jerusalem next to her dad's into which her mother's remains had been transferred from a Long Island cemetery four years earlier.

Standing over the graves, Davidman began crying hysterically. "I was transformed into the thirteen-year-old girl who had lost her mother," she says. "I repeatedly sobbed, 'I want my mom.' I cried out in mourning for my lost opportunity to have known my mother over the course of her life and to have her know me as a woman. And I wondered about the many ways in which my life would have been easier if my mother had not died when my brothers and I were young."

Such a deeply felt reaction might have sent other social scientists running from a research project as close to home as the

one on motherloss Davidman was contemplating. When her father died, Davidman was on sabbatical from Brown, working on a book proposal. Having arrived at a point in her life when she could appreciate the depth of her young loss, she wanted to attempt the book for both personal and professional reasons. "It was something I really needed to get into," Davidman says. "And there was almost nothing else written on the topic." So, when she regained her composure after her graveside catharsis, instead of abandoning the project, Davidman plunged back in with renewed commitment.

Davidman had waited to do the book proposal until she felt sure her Brown tenure review would go well, because, she points out, "it's a daring project" for an academic. The frank twining of personal experience and scientific method would, she knew, dismay more traditional social scientists who bow at the altar of objectivity. Davidman has chosen to work within a newer social-science model, "grounded theory," which often relies on highly personalized interactions between interviewer and subject to tease out primary research themes.

Davidman was no stranger to self-referential research. "Throughout my academic life," she says, "beginning as an undergraduate, I have pursued intellectual work partly as a way to better understand my own life." Early in her career, she majored in psychology and religion at Barnard and went on for a master's from the University of Chicago Divinity School. She switched to sociology for her Ph.D. at Brandeis after concluding that the field "places individual experience within larger contexts." Her first book, *Tradition in a Rootless World: Women Turn to Orthodox Judaism* (1991), investigated the personal factors that cause Jewish women to be attracted to a fundamentalist form of their faith. Both that work and her current book, Davidman notes, "focus on how people make sense of and rebuild their lives after experiencing a major, unexpected disruption."

The good news about motherloss, Davidman has concluded, is that people *do* rebuild their lives. Of the sixty subjects she interviewed, fifty-eight have constructed successful adult lives. While nearly every interviewee agreed with the forty-something woman who called her mother's death "the defining event of my life," most are survivors. "In one way or another," Davidman notes, "we have found ways to make our lives work for us. It is a testament to the human ability to experience adversity and transcend it."

But the path to that transcendence, Davidman believes, was made unnecessarily difficult by squeamish social conventions. One of her hopes is that the book will help families experiencing motherloss to avoid the pall of silence and shame that deny an adolescent's searing loss and the difficulties that follow.

The day after her mother died, Doris Kearns Goodwin arose early and puttered aimlessly in the kitchen. "I wanted my father," she writes in her memoir, "yet for the first time in my life I was afraid to disturb him. I wanted to call my friends, but did not want to be pitied." Back in high school after the funeral, she plunged into her studies and after-school activities. "At home, however," she recalls, "I entered into a private realm of sadness. The old rituals of family were gone, dissolved by death and my father's continuing grief."

Goodwin's story is a familiar one to Lynn Davidman, who suffered in silence after her own mother's death and now knows she was far from the only teen to do so. Until recently, Davidman notes, death has been a subject eschewed in polite society. For many families, it was the conversational elephant in the living room: hugely disruptive, impossible to ignore, yet verboten to mention. The reasons for this were several, Davidman suggests. For one, the surviving fathers got caught up in their own loss and in the shock of suddenly assuming the day-to-day care of their children; typically, they didn't encourage conversation about the bereavement. In addition, the death of a mother resulted, sociologically speaking, in an abnormal family structure. "In the fifties and sixties, any major trauma that shattered the nuclear-family pattern," notes Davidman, "such as parent loss, homosexuality, even divorce – all were silenced.

"We learned, early on," she continues, "that the subject was taboo, and thus we rarely discussed our mothers with anyone, from the onset of their illnesses and afterward, throughout our lives." When her mother became ill, no one used the word *cancer*, and Davidman was shushed when she brought it up. Family and friends told her simply that her mother was sick, adding reassuringly, "Don't worry, she'll be fine." So Davidman stifled her worries. After her mother's death, fearing she would further upset her remote father, she stifled her grief, too. "I couldn't cry," Davidman says. "If you can't cry, you can't grieve. You kill something in you. In high school I was so unhappy, but I would say to my friends, 'I'm not unhappy. I'm just not happy.' "

For children who lost their mothers, such cultural strictures typically led to "a lifelong habit of silence," one that exacerbated the sense of disruption orphaned children were already feeling. In addition to their repressed grief, the children also experienced an abrupt discontinuation of the specific caretaking provided by their mothers. Not surprisingly, given the roles women played within families, such deprivation often centered around food – the literal and symbolic epitome of mother love.

Shortly after Davidman embarked on her research, she began to have a troubling dream. In it, she was living in her childhood home with her two brothers, her father, and her mother, who had somehow returned to the family after her death. Even though she appeared to be present, in one crucial way Davidman's mother was not there for her children.

"She's not feeding us," Davidman says, summarizing the dream's story line. "My brothers and I are concerned about planning meals, buying or scrounging food, putting food on the table. My mother is just not doing her job, and I'm not happy about it."

The disruption in normal mealtimes that happens when a mother dies, Davidman says, is a major part of motherloss. "What people lose is mothers' caring in its manifold variations," she says. "The loss of regular meals is a loss both of something you physically need and of nurturance." One brother-sister pair she interviewed brought up a common theme – the stingy, unloving stepmother. "They talked about this stepmother who didn't feed them," Davidman says. "She'd give

Death in the Family

HOW TO HELP YOUNG PEOPLE COPE

LYNN DAVIDMAN emphasizes that she is an academic sociologist, not a therapist. But as one who experienced the death of her mother when she was thirteen, and as a veteran listener to the stories of others, she has some advice for guiding children through the pain of motherloss.

- **First, communicate.** "Talk with the kids in depth and in detail about what's going on when a mother has a fatal condition," Davidman says. "Prepare them for what's going to happen."
- **Second, arrange for the children to be physically cared for.** "If the father doesn't know how to cook, figure out a way to ensure that the kids will get regular, balanced meals," she says. "Bring someone in to do household cleaning so the kids don't have to start managing this at a young age." If a family lacks financial resources to hire help, Davidman says, they can mobilize networks of friends, religious organizations, or others in the community.
- **Third, listen.** Children with dying or dead mothers should be encouraged to express their feelings and emotions, says Davidman. "They should *not* be told to be strong and move on." Acknowledge their grief by saying, "Yes, this is a major loss. Yes, this hurts, and this is going to hurt for a while. We will need to work together to alleviate some pain." It's okay, Davidman reminds us, to feel sad.
- **Fourth, allow for farewells.** "I would encourage children to spend time with their mother while she's dying and to figure out a way to say good-bye," Davidman says. "If the mother is well enough, perhaps she could make tapes for the children. One of my interviewees said her mother had done that, and it helped her a great deal." – *A.D.*

them one can of Chef Boyardee to share." In effect, these children felt both emotionally and physically starved by their father's remarriage.

Contrary to Davidman's expectation, few of her interviewees seemed to have been comforted by institutionalized religion. Instead, they "kept their mothers symbolically present" via quasi-religious practices. One woman placed her mother's photo in her own wedding-day bouquet; later, she put it in her son's pocket for his bar mitzvah. Similarly, a man sewed his mom's picture inside the yarmulke he wore when he married. Another woman "talked" to her mother when she jogged, seeking guidance from the dead woman as if from a god or saint.

Even Davidman, who smilingly describes herself, like Max Weber, as "religiously unmusical," created sacred spaces for her mother's artifacts. After her fiancé moved in recently, Davidman began jealously guarding a framed photograph of her mother she'd placed on a living-room desk. When her fiancé added photos of his daughters to the desk, Davidman quickly moved them across the room. He moved them back. She moved them again. "After the third day of this, I said, 'Hey, Arthur, what's with the pictures? You keep putting them over here on my desk.' He said, 'And you keep moving them.' I said, 'Well, that's . . .' and I groped for the right word. 'That's . . . my *shrine*.' "

At times, interviewing her subjects was so painful that Davidman nearly abandoned the project. Because she explicitly set out to incorporate her experiences into the research, she struggled to overcome decades of repressed emotion and to face her pain. "Every few weeks I would think, 'I have to drop this,' " Davidman relates. "About two years ago I wasn't sure I could go on. I was so depressed; I'd come home after an interview feeling like a rag doll." Several friends urged her to leave the project and the pain behind. "But one really good friend said, 'You want to do this, and you're not going to rest until you do. Stick with it.' And she was right."

In the end, Davidman has been left not only with a heretofore-nonexistent body of knowledge about the effects of motherloss in adolescence, but with an affirmation of her conviction that most people manage to make sense of their lives, no matter what they've experienced. So, even though she winced for Princes William and Harry when their mother, Princess Diana, died in a car crash last summer, Davidman is confident that the surprisingly "un-English" public mourning will help the two boys adjust; "they won't be isolated by shame and silence."

Further, she has seen among some of her younger research subjects a small, but encouraging, shift toward openness in the way families deal with impending motherloss. This trend is particularly noticeable in urban communities and among the well-educated. Davidman would love to see her book make healthier conventions more widespread.

In the meantime, Davidman has achieved a measure of equilibrium in her personal life at the same time she is wrapping up her motherloss project. That she persevered with the research is due, she believes, to her ability to confront, at long last, the pain of her mother's death – and to at least one person who supplied Davidman, decades later, with the support and love her mother might have given her, had she lived.

"About the same time I was questioning whether to proceed with the research," Davidman notes, "I was getting involved with my fiancé. He's a very nurturing man. He cooks dinner for me every night.

"Having that kind of unconditional love and support in my life freed me to do my work. Within a couple of months of making the decision to continue, my mother began coming into my dreams. I felt I could go on. She had come to help guide me."

YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU
JASON ROBARDS
JAMES
COCO
ELIZABETH
WILSON
COLLEEN DEWHURST
YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU
MOSS HART and GEORGE S. KAUFMAN
MAUREEN ANDERMAN
ELLIS RA

Nobody's Fool

How a 'nice girl from Pawtucket' went to New York and ended up acting beside Paul Newman and Sarah Jessica Parker.

❖

By Lisa W. Foderaro '85

Photograph by John Forasté

Nearly fifty years ago, Alice Drummond arrived in New York City fresh out of Pembroke College, eager to burst on the theater scene after a string of acting successes with Brown's Sock and Buskin drama society. Today Drummond, at seventy, has made good on her dream: her resume lists more than 200 roles in film, theater, and television, as well as a 1970 Tony nomination for her role in the Broadway play *The Chinese and Dr. Fish*.

The early trajectory of Drummond's career looked more like a slow burn than a fiery burst. A young woman seeking leading stage roles in the early fifties "had to be overwhelmingly pretty," she says. "Nowadays, you can be sort of kooky or strange or off, but I wasn't even that. I was just a nice girl from Pawtucket."

During her first ten years in Manhattan, Drummond took clerical jobs while performing in summer stock in the Midwest and on Nantucket. She wasn't invited to audition for an off-Broadway play until she was almost thirty, but when she finally made it to a tryout, Drummond not only got the part – Anne of Clèves in Herman Gressieker's *Royal Gambit* – she also won glowing reviews from Walter Kerr in the *New York Herald-Tribune* and Brooks Atkinson in the *New York Times*. Despite this success, as a young actress Drummond felt pigeonholed when she won nothing but offbeat roles. "I wanted to play a lead, and nobody would let me," she remembers. One summer she finally landed a leading role – only to find the experience disappointing. "I thought I would go mad," she says, "because ingenue parts could be very, very boring, at least in those days."

After that, Drummond stuck to the quirky characters that have defined her career. Performing alongside such stars as Jason Robards, Jim Carrey, Colleen Dewhurst, and Paul Newman, she has played everything from a ten-year-old girl to a Cuban grandmother to a psychiatric patient. Her biggest film role to date was in last year's *Til There Was You*, a romantic comedy starring Sarah Jessica Parker and Dylan McDermott. The director, Scott Winant, had seen Drummond in the acclaimed off-Broadway play *Marvin's Room* several years earlier and hadn't forgotten her. "Alice is such a versatile actress," says Winant, who made his name as the director and producer of the hit television series *thirtysomething*. "She's extremely sharp and flexible."

As time has turned her fine hair silver and rheumatoid arthritis has slowed her walk and curled her hands, Drummond has begun to specialize in portraying elderly women. In *Til There Was You*, she played a fragile, dreamy tenant facing eviction. In the 1990 film about brain-damaged patients, *Awakenings*, costarring Robin Williams and Robert De Niro, Drummond was a mute, gnarled woman who came briefly to life after receiving an experimental drug. In *Nobody's Fool* (1994), starring Paul Newman, she played a small-town resident suffering from Alzheimer's disease who wanders out into the snow. "Even when I was at Brown, I was playing little old ladies," she says wryly. "But back then, I didn't do it well. I've grown into it."

When Drummond was a girl in Pawtucket, Rhode Island, her mother occasionally kept her out of school to take her to plays in Boston. In high school, Drummond continued her love affair with the theater, winning the female lead in every school production. At Pembroke, where she made Phi Beta Kappa her junior year, she starred regularly for Sock and Buskin in what she now terms "obscure, dreary" plays. "You'd read them and wouldn't know what they meant," she recalls.

Five decades of steady work as an actress have not yet added up to fame for Drummond. Yes, people occasionally recognize her on the street. A few years ago, a young girl sidled up to Drummond on a downtown Manhattan bus to ask if she was the actress who danced with Wesley Snipes in the movie *To Wong Foo, Thanks for Everything, Julie Newmar*. She was.

But as Drummond puts it: "Nobody, *nobody* knows my name, except for other actors." Sitting in the attractive, simple, two-bedroom apartment she shares with a retired teacher on the East Side of Manhattan, Drummond says she doesn't regret that stardom has eluded her. "What *would* appeal to me," she says, "is to be able to play any part I wanted. I want the job."

One job she especially wanted and did not get, Drummond says, was the role of the aunt in the movie version of *Marvin's Room*, starring Meryl Streep and Diane Keaton. But as she talked about her life and work late into a Friday evening this spring, by turns passionate and self-mocking, Drummond brightened: the phone was ringing. "Maybe that's my agent," she said, half-joking. It was. Drummond had gone to six auditions that week, and her agent was calling to say she'd gotten two of the parts, both for television pilots. "That's not bad," she said, sounding a little surprised. Not bad at all. ∾

Lisa Foderaro is a reporter for the New York Times.

EDITED BY TORRI STILL

PETER PETROPOULOS '40

Dave Ebbitt '41 of Newport, Rhode Island, shared this photograph of a stellar faculty lineup in the 1941 Commencement procession. From left to right are George W. Kidder (biology), Robert W. "Pat" Kenney (English; "note cigarette!" says Ebbitt), an unidentified colleague, Israel J. Kapstein (English), William Dineen (music), and Arthur L. Washburn, resident counselor. The photographer, Peter Petropoulos '40, was Ebbitt's former roommate. "His father had a photography business in Newport," Ebbitt writes, "and Pete's camera shop closed its doors only last year."

1923

May 1998 will mark seventy-five years since our graduation from Pembroke. A reunion is not feasible, as there are only seven living members of our class, most of whom are unable to travel. We are sorry to report the death of **Alice Desmond Schmieder** on Jan. 4. She had been a loyal class president, treasurer, and agent since our graduation. It was Alice who always kept us informed about each other over the past seventy-five years. **Dorothy Hotchkiss Jenckes** is living at the Tremont Health Care Center in Houston. Her grandson Jay Jenckes is applying to enter Dartmouth in September. **Ruth Bugbee Lubrano** assisted Alice Schmieder with class news for the past six years. Classmates may contact Ruth at 229 Medway St., #207, Providence R.I. 02906. Keep in mind the 1923 Pembroke Scholarship Fund, which gives assistance to future Brown scholars. – *Ruth Bugbee Lubrano, president*

Chet Worthington, longtime *BAM* editor, celebrated his 95th birthday in February with friends and family.

1926

Horace S. Mazet retired after thirty-six years with the U.S. Marine Corps and, subsequently, in the real estate business in California. In retirement he has found writing to be pleasant and profitable and has authored five books and innumerable articles in which he expresses his feelings on contemporary life. Two of his latest articles appeared in the *Monterey Herald* before Christmas, and the most recent will appear in the *Monterey County Post*. His exposé on the 1777 raid on Sag Harbor, Long Island, by patriotic troops appeared in the March issue of *Military History*. "The raid has been called the turning point of the Revolution," Horace writes. He can be reached at 26760 Paseo Robles, Carmel, Calif. 93923.

WHAT'S NEW?

Please send the latest about your job, family, travels, or other news to The Classes, Brown Alumni Magazine, *Box 1854, Providence, R.I. 02912; fax (401) 863-9599; e-mail BAM@brownvm.brown.edu. Deadline for September/October classnotes: June 15.*

1932

Mildred Pansey Freiberg (see **Sarah Freiberg Ellison** '80).

Katherine Crawford Millspaugh traveled to San Francisco in October to visit her daughter, Linda Taylor, and Linda's family. "We had a wonderful drive up the coast to Napa," Katherine writes. Her granddaughter Rebecca has started Freestyle, a computer company in San Francisco, with two friends. Katherine spent Thanksgiving in the Florida Keys with her son Ted and his family. She still enjoys the golf courses and beach in North Myrtle Beach, S.C., where she lives.

Miles Sydney submitted this account of a memorable moment during the 65th reunion: "My classmates and I had passed through the Van Wickle Gates and were standing on either side of the street halfway down the hill. There were just a couple of older classes ahead of us as we waited for the faculty and graduating class to come through. Coming down the middle of the street, a young lady was intently looking from side to side, and then she found us – the guys wearing the '32 logo on their caps. She was either a student or an alumna desiring to find the class whose scholarship fund made her college career possible and to thank its representatives personally. In the brief moments we had to accept her heartfelt gratitude, we learned of her very satisfying career at Brown and her many accomplishments. The band came into sight and sound, followed by the faculty and graduating class, and the personable young lady had to clear out. We hastily squeezed hands in a fond farewell, and I said, 'Thank you for looking us up. You made my day.' She took a couple of steps up the hill, turned back, and said, 'You fellows made my life.' "

1934

The annual mini-reunion luncheon will be held Friday, May 22, at the Metacomet Country Club in East Providence, R.I. For more information, call **Raymond Chace** at (401) 437-1387 or **Lillian Salmin Janas** at (401) 722-4294.

1935

Beatrice Wattman Miller has a new granddaughter, Emily Mae, born Feb. 24 to Bea's son Donald and his wife, Debbie, of Potomac, Md. Bea also has two great-grandchildren, Lindsey, 10, and Matthew, 8. They are the grandchildren of **Caryl-Ann Miller** '59.

1936

Ed Rich '38 sent in an article from the *New London Day* that details the accomplishments of his late friend **Steve Armstrong**. According to the article, Steve "persuaded the powers that be in Norwich (Conn.) to build clay tennis courts and then spent many years as a one-man maintenance crew to make sure the city kept up the kind of courts that would be the envy of any private club." The courts were named in Steve's honor.

Isaac H. Whyte Jr. and his wife, Jean, have moved from Wilmington, Del., to Oxford, Pa. They invite friends to visit them at Ware Presbyterian Village, 35 Cheshire Ct., Oxford 19363; (610) 998-2409.

1941

Walter L. Creese, North Andover, Mass., received an honorary doctorate from the University of Louisville in October. The citation read, in part, "To the degree that Louisville's architectural heritage has been preserved, much is owed to you." Walter is chairman emeritus of the division of architectural history and preservation at the University of Illinois.

John J. Cooney Jr., Nashville, Tenn., spent the Christmas holidays with his daughter, **Deborah** '67, and his son, **John F.** '70, both of whom live in the Washington, D.C., area with their families. The elder John is the former director of the Hermitage, Andrew Jackson's estate near Nashville. Deborah is editor of *Public Policy Research* and works in the government archives and the Library of Congress. John F., formerly with the Solicitor General's office, is a partner in a Washington, D.C., law firm. John J. writes that his children are "members of the third generation of Brown Cooneys who have spent a major part of their careers in public service." **John J. Cooney** '08 was Rhode Island's attorney general.

Aurea Cancel Schoonmaker's husband, Edgar, passed away in December. Edgar was a meteorologist with the U.S. Weather Service and the manager of the Tweed-New Haven (Conn.) Airport. Aurea can be reached at 81 Charlton Hill Rd., Hamden, Conn. 06516.

1942

Edmund F. Armstrong, Warwick, R.I., writes: "Frances and I toured northern Italy in September and October. Three weeks without a day of rain. We had stops in Rome, Florence, Siena, San Remo, and Venice. Great food, great wine, and great scenery, especially the Dolomites."

1944

Lois Dwight McDaniel and her husband, Bill, celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary on Jan. 3 at a party given by their children in Williamsburg, Va. A bakery used a photograph to reconstruct their wedding cake and placed the original figurines on top. The Bible Lois carried in the wedding was also on display, and the couple drank a toast from the same silver goblets they used for their 25th anniversary. Lois writes that they feel "most fortunate to be able to celebrate this occasion with those who mean the most to us – our children and their spouses" and that they have their sights on their 60th anniversary. Lois and Bill live in Richmond, Va., where Lois volunteers at a local hospital, Bill holds down the craft desk at home, and both continue to work on the yard, seeding, fencing, and planting. They can be reached at 730 N. Pinetta Dr., Richmond 23235.

Betty Clay Mein is participating in the Women's Health Initiative, one of the largest studies ever conducted on women's health. She writes: "This study will give answers about how hormones and diet affect women's risk of heart disease, cancer, and osteoporosis, thus giving women the information needed to make better decisions about their health. If you are between the ages of 60 and 79, please call 1-800-54-WOMEN to find out more about joining this study, sponsored by the National Institutes of Health." Betty can be reached at 5600 Wisconsin Ave., #701, Chevy Chase, Md. 20815; (301) 951-3311.

A Message from the Alumni Relations Office

Thanks to those who responded to the fall reunion mailing asking for your intention to return to campus and any recent class news. The responses were many and we are working together with the magazine staff to process the class news. Look for your news in the next issue.

1945

Vernon R. Alden has published a memoir, *Speaking for Myself* (Ohio University Libraries Press). Vernon, a former president of Ohio University, is president of the Japan Society of Boston.

Stanley L. Ehrlich's wife of forty-eight years, Louise, passed away in December. Louise was an artist, teacher, and the mother of **Barbara** '74, **Stephen** '77, and Michael. Donations in her memory can be made to the Stanley L. and Louise W. Ehrlich Library Fund, Brown University, Box A, Providence 02912. Stanley can be reached at 1 Acacia Dr., Middletown, R.I. 02842.

Jeannie C. Stewart's first children's book, *Three Little Friends and a Castle: Craigievar*, was published by the Pentland Press. "I wrote it for my grandnephews and the children of my friends in Scotland," Jeannie says. Illustrations for the book were supplied by the National Trust for Scotland; Craigievar is one

of the trust's special properties. Jeannie can be reached at 3 Concord Ave., #B3, Cambridge, Mass. 02138.

1946

Stella Hughes Julian, Providence, is living at the St. Joseph Living Center, which she describes as "an assisted living facility with a warm, caring staff [where] they keep us very active." Her son **Michael** '86 received his master's in German literature and language from the University of Florida in 1996. He passed the bar exam and is working for the law firm of Yeager & Banks in Orlando. Stella can be reached at the St. Joseph Living Center, 153 Dean St., Providence 02903.

Betty Baird Nickerson's husband, Hal, passed away on Nov. 1. She is grateful he was able to attend her 50th reunion in 1996. Betty lives in Peacham, Vt.

1948

Nancy Cantor Eddy and her husband, Bill, spent a weekend in February at a "wonderful" mini-reunion with classmates she hadn't seen in fifty years. The gathering took place at the Hardwick, Mass., home of **Achsah Shedaker Hinckley** and her husband, **Jack Campbell**, a lawyer whom she married two years ago. Achsah and Jack will be in St. Petersburg, Russia, for two weeks in May, and in July they will embark on a weeklong hiking trip in Yorkshire Downs, England, followed by a week in Wales. They hope to attend the 50th reunion.

Also present at the mini-reunion were **Jane Weinert Nichols** and her husband, **Alan** '47. Jane and Alan live on fifteen acres of land in Sandwich, N.H., with their black Labrador retriever. They have three daughters and six grandchildren. In May they will take an eight-day canal trip, beginning in Wrenbury, England, and then head to Scotland for a week. They will be joined by **Bob Gifford** '46, husband of the late **Jane Luerssen Gifford**. Nancy, Jane Nichols, and Jane Gifford were roommates in Pembroke's East House dorm during their freshman year.

Nancy and Bill announce the birth of their second grandchild, Maxwell James Eddy, on Feb. 10. Maxwell's father, Wayne, is Nancy and Bill's youngest son. Wayne is president of Work and Leisure, a company that sells orthopedic and safety equipment, in Hopkinton, Mass. Nancy is pleased to announce that her grandniece, Courtney Nahiboff of Vienna, Maine, was accepted to Brown early action and plans to enter in the fall.

Selma Gold Fishbein, Providence, is a bookkeeper for her husband, Joseph, who is a dentist. Selma and Joseph have four children and twelve grandchildren, the oldest of whom is a freshman at Harvard. Their oldest daughter, Shari Fishbein Mandel, is married and has four boys. Their son, **Keith** '76, '80 M.D., is a cardiologist in New Jersey. He is married to **Nancy Feldman** '76, an ob-gyn, and they have three children. Selma's daughter Janni Slotkis is married and has three children, and her youngest daughter, Amy Waisel, is married and has two children.

Irene Wojcik Larochelle and her husband, John, live in Baton Rouge, La. John is retired, and the couple spends time visiting their two sons and two daughters. In September 1996 they spent a week in La Rochelle, France, where John's family is from.

Evelyn Roberts Nichols, Mars Hill, N.C., is a nurse and still active with Hospice. She reports that she recently took a "fantastic" two-week trip to Kenya with the Brown University Travelers and Professor Nancy Jacobs. Evelyn says Jacobs was a "wonderful, informative leader" and recommends the experience to others.

Lenore Saffer Tagerman, Belmont, Mass., went on an African safari in February 1997. In October, Lenore and **Barbara Oberhard Epstein** visited Bryce and Zion National Parks, the Grand Canyon, and Sedona, Ariz. Lenore also traveled to Australia and New Zealand for three weeks in December and to Costa del Sol, Spain, in March. She was headed to Monterey, Calif., in May and to Turkey at the end of the summer. Lenore, who plans to attend the 50th reunion, is an active tennis player and recently took up bridge and golf.

Thelma Chun-Hoon Zen is recovering from a long illness and doing much better. She has four children: Eric, a lawyer; Mark, a psychiatrist; Burke, a teacher; and Kara. Thelma can be reached at 2231 Hyde St., Honolulu, Hawaii 96822. – *Nancy Cantor Eddy, president*

IN THE NEWS

TIMELY EDUCATOR: *Change*, the journal of the American Association for Higher Education, named **Frank Newman** '47 one of eighty "past, present, and future" leaders of higher education. Newman is president of the Education Commission of the States.

1950

We have reserved the Brown Faculty Club terrace for our annual off-year mini-reunion cocktail party on Friday, May 22, from 5 to 7 p.m. All classmates, spouses, significant others, and families are welcome. The class officers and board members look forward to seeing you there. If you have not paid your dues, please send a check for $25 (payable to Brown University – Class of 1950) to our treasurer, **Maurice Bissonnette**, 311 Laurel Ave., Providence 02906. – *Mary E. Holburn, secretary*

George E. Chapin, Columbia, S.C., writes: "Had a repeat of our 45th reunion a year later when I saw **Dick Armstrong** at Classical High School's 50th reunion. Since then I've had a bout with esophageal squamous-cell carcinoma. I survived the surgery, which I'm told was completely successful, but my voice did not!"

Larry Lincoln (see **Steve Lincoln** '81).

1951

Henry Shea writes: "I'm enjoying retirement in Alpharetta, Ga., just north of Atlanta. I'm active in golf, tennis, scuba diving, and the Internet."

George Tingley, North Kingstown, R.I., retired from Swissair in 1991. He is now studying at the Community College of Rhode Island, where he is "getting up to date and up to speed on the Year 2000 problem."

1952

John Grainger retired after forty-five years in the advertising business in New York City. "I'm now enjoying the less hectic life," he writes. John recently traveled to Arizona and Florida, where his two grown children live. His third grandchild, Zachary, was born Dec. 25.

Larry Kaufman (see **Lisa Lebow Kaufman** '88).

1953

Robert Shumaker is professor emeritus at West Virginia University, where he taught in the geology department. "I'm having the time of my life doing research, working with grad students, and traveling with my bride of forty-four years, Beverly," Bob writes.

1954

Ed Giberti returned to England eight years ago. There he manages his own international sports marketing consultancy and is active in the Brown Club of Great Britain, of which he is co-president. Ed invites classmates who are interested in serving on the 45th reunion committee to contact him at 19 Turmore Dale, Welwyn Garden City, Herts AL8 6HT, England; (44) 1707-394-884.

Jerold O. Young (see **Abbe Beth Robinson Young** '58).

1955

Stuart P. Erwin Jr. and his wife, Diane, moved to Rancho Santa Fe, Calif. Stuart is chairman of the board of Park City (Utah) Performances and on the executive committee of KWED, the PBS station in Salt Lake City. He can be reached at P.O. Box 7295, 6727 Las Colinas, Rancho Santa Fe 92067.

IN THE NEWS

HERO WITH A HEART: The *Des Moines Register* recently reported the in-flight heroics of cardiac surgeon **Robert Zeff '62**. Three hours from London on a transatlantic flight, a fellow passenger developed what turned out to be a blood clot in her pulmonary artery. Zeff used CPR to revive the British woman, whose heart stopped several times. She survived the ordeal.

1956

Frank C. Dorsey (see **Sarah Dorsey** '89).

Daniel K. Hardenbergh writes: "Our supported work program for individuals with disabilities at JVS–Boston is expanding into services for chronically mentally-ill people. Old psych majors never die! As most of our Brown friends from the class of '56 have moved south, we'd love to hear from any of you living in or visiting Boston. Mary Ann and I are in the Boston phone book, so look us up and give us a call."

1957

Our 40th reunion is a memory, but our 45th is still a promise. In preparation for 2002, we'd like to maintain and expand communication among class members. Please send your e-mail addresses to fifty7secy@aol.com. Classnotes are welcome, too, and they can still be sent the old-fashioned way. – *Linda Perkins Howard, secretary*

Michael Geremia writes: "After living in the beautiful bluegrass country of Lexington, Ky., for the past two years, I moved to Winter Park, Fla., to retire." Michael worked in the airline industry for thirty years.

Warren "Bud" Williams writes: "After almost thirty years of residence in Asia, my family and I moved to Swansea, in the south of Wales, in July 1995. The U.S. Army provided the opportunity for me to see Southeast Asia in 1967 (I served as a captain and then a major with the special forces), and I fell in love with the place. Pfizer, the pharmaceutical firm, employed me in various executive positions from 1970 to 1982 in South Africa, Vietnam, Sri Lanka, Japan, and Hong Kong. In Hong Kong my wife, Isobel, and I founded our own consulting firm, which we ran successfully for more than ten years. Isobel is taking a degree in Italian at the University of Wales. Our daughter, Katie, 13, was selected last year for the Glamorgan County under-fifteens field hockey team and spends a lot of time horseback riding and playing tennis. She is doing very well at the Ffynnone House School. I am semi-retired, although I'm spending a lot of time in Asia, studying Welsh at the university, and singing second tenor with the Dunvant male choir, Wales's largest and oldest male voice choir. I retired as a rugby referee two years ago. I am very interested in re-establishing contact with my Brown friends." Bud can be reached at The Coach House, 20 Western Ln., Mwmbwls, Swansea SA3 4EY, Wales; (01792) 360-356.

1958

Theodore P. Cohen (see **Wendy L. Cohen** '89).

Tom Moses, Reading, Pa., writes: "**Skip Hokanson** '59 is marketing a device that shuts off car radios when in the vicinity of emergency vehicles. He recently flew to Detroit to discuss it with GM officials. While in the Midwest he dropped in on **George Vandervoort** and his wife, Mimi, in Chicago. This summer my wife, Judy, and I met **Dave Bliss** and his wife, Marty, for brunch in State College, Pa. Dave lives in a mountaintop home in the historic town of Bellefonte, Pa. We spend weekends at my brother's log tanner's cabin in the nearby artists' village of Boalsburg. We are planning a lawn party for the Penn State arts and craft show. All classmates are invited. **George Vandervoort** continues to commute to the Far East, primarily to China. For a while he kept an apartment in Bangkok. I talked to **Pete Kopke** recently. His son William is applying to Brown in the fall. His oldest son, **Pete Jr.** '91, is completing a Ph.D. in computer science at Cornell. The elder Pete was in a serious car accident in which he was hit head-on by a larger car and had to be removed by the jaws of life. Luckily, he suffered only two broken ribs. He recently moved his forty-five-foot cruiser from his summer home in the Hamptons to a small village near Cannes in the south of France. His New Year's resolution is to spend more time on the Riviera. I think we can all echo those sentiments."

Abbe Beth Robinson Young and **Jerold O. Young** '54 write that their son, **Andrew R. Young** '86, and his wife, Lita, have a new baby girl, Nicola Rose Young; daughter Carina is 3. Abbe and Jerry's daughter **Marji Young Chimes** '84 and her husband, Lew, have a new baby boy, Joseph Young Chimes; son Daniel is 3. Another daughter, **Betsy Young Harris** '82, and her husband, **Dave Harris** '80, have two sons, Jason, 10, and Alex, 7. Jerry is president and Abbe is treasurer of Harold W. Young Inc., a New England food broker. Betsy is vice president of sales and marketing, and Andrew is vice president of supermarkets, vending, and convenience stores. Marji is director of public relations for Ethan Allen Furniture in Danbury, Conn. Abbe, Jerry, Andrew, and Lita have just returned from Lima, Peru, where they visited Lita's family and traveled to Macchu Picchu to see the Andes Mountains and the Inca ruins. Jerry and Abbe still live in Newton Centre, Mass.; Betsy and Andrew live in Needham, Mass.; and Marji lives in Stamford, Conn.

1959

Dave Kline (see **Scott C. Bush** '71).

1960

Alan Caldwell lives in Gardenville, Nev., near Lake Tahoe. He owns a renewable energy company, which has developed "an innovative type of wind turbine," Alan writes. "The turbines will be the windpower component of renewable energy power systems designed to provide utility-grade power to remote areas of the world currently without power, or with only substandard power." Alan can be reached at (702) 782-8471; sierranv@pyramid.net.

1961

Carole Gannon Potter '62 M.A.T. recently attended her high school reunion, where she saw **Barbara Bordieri Spiezio** and her husband, **Nick** '63, as well as **Judy Darling Grimes** and her husband, **Bill** '59. Carole's daughter, **Sara Caitlin Potter**, will graduate from Brown in May. Her son, Christian, received a master's in environmental law from George Washington University. Carole has three grandsons, William, 6, Matthew, 4, and Dillon, 2. She is head teacher at New Discoveries, the preschool at Our Lady of Mercy School in East Greenwich, R.I.

Alan Tapper (see **Lisa Lebow Kaufman** '88).

1962

Michael D. Shapiro and his wife, **Ann-Louise Sticklor Shapiro** '80 Ph.D., bicycled on Coastal Highway 1 from San Francisco to Santa Barbara this fall. From there, they traveled to Los Angeles, where they visited Michael's sophomore roommate, **Joel A. Cassel**, and his wife, Lise. They were joined for dinner by **Anthony Rosenthal** and his wife, Lyn. "Our California friends were shocked that we undertook this trip without a support van or even a cellular phone," Michael writes. Michael continues to practice law in New London, Conn., and Ann-Louise is a history professor at Wesleyan University in Middletown, Conn. They can be reached at 65 Shore Rd., Old Lyme, Conn. 06371; (860) 434-9966.

1963

John C. Pennoyer has been superintendent of Adams County School District 14 (Commerce City, Colo.) since September.

1964

Steven B. Karch, Berkeley, Calif. published the *Drug Abuse Handbook* and *A Brief*

History of Cocaine (CRC Press).

A. Thomas Levin, Rockville Centre, N.Y., has been elected vice president of the New York State Bar Association for the tenth judicial district (Nassau and Suffolk counties). He is also serving as a member of the board of the Long Island Community Foundation.

1965

John E. Finnerty '68 A.M. was selected by the New Jersey State Bar Association's family law section to receive this year's Saul Tischler Award. The award recognizes John's contributions to the practice of family law in New Jersey. John is a partner in the Paramus law firm Hartman, Winnicki & Finnerty and has been involved in several decisions that have set legal precedents in New Jersey.

Donald Roth is executive director of the St. Louis Symphony. Previously, he was president of the Oregon Symphony in Portland.

1966

John M. Cross, Washington, D.C., is C.E.O. of business essentials at the U.S. division of an audiomagazine company headquartered in Melbourne, Australia. "We publish the magazine specifically for small businesses around the country," John writes. His daughter, Anne, is a junior at Wellesley College. John can be reached at jmcross@ix.netcom.com.

Maryanne Cline Horowitz published *Seeds of Virtue and Knowledge* (Princeton University Press), which explores the image and idea of the human mind as a garden. Maryanne is a history professor at Occidental College and an associate of the Center of Medieval and Renaissance Studies at the University of California at Los Angeles.

Gilcin F. Meadors announces the adoption of a fourth daughter, Justine Beth. Gilcin writes, "She has been with us on an informal basis for four years and is now in the fifth grade. She is a spelling whiz, hates math and little boys, and plays first flute in the city-wide Winchester Elementary School band." Gilcin can be reached at P.O. Box 53, Flintstone, Md. 21530.

1967

Deborah Cooney (see **John J. Cooney Jr.** '41).

Nelson Martins (see **Tara Brennan** '92).

Melora Pond Mirza's son, Taric, graduated from Trinity College in May 1997 and is a software engineer at TVisions in Cambridge. Her younger son, Adam, is a sophomore at Williams College. Melora, who lives in Atlanta, is head of reference and an assistant professor at DeKalb College, Dunwoody campus. She is working on her second master's degree at Agnes Scott College and teaching in several continuing education programs. Her husband, Usman, is "an entrepreneur, investment banker, and the family chef," she reports.

Chuck Primus and his wife, **Romana Strochlitz Primus**, have renovated the family business, Whaling City Ford, which is the largest Ford dealership in southeastern Connecticut. Chuck writes, "Romana's recovery after being run over by a car on August 1, 1996, has been miraculous." In June President Clinton appointed Romana to a five-year term as a member of the United States Holocaust Memorial Council. She chairs a committee planning a 1999 conference in Washington on Jewish life in the D.P. camps after World War II. Chuck and Romana's older son, Richard, will graduate from law school in June. Their twin daughters, Ida and Lisa, are both in medical school. Their younger son, Aryeh, works for a computer company near Boston. Chuck and Romana can be reached at rrpri@conncoll.edu.

Carlyle A. Thayer was given a personal chair and promoted to full professor in the school of politics, University College, Australian Defence Force Academy. Carlyle just completed a three-year term as head of school and coordinator for the graduate program in defense studies. He is spending 1998 on sabbatical as a visiting fellow at the Strategic and Defense Studies Centre in Canberra, working on post-Cold War security issues in Southeast Asia. Carlyle can be reached at c-thayer@adfa.oz.au.

1968

Russell K. Chan and his wife, Sheila, announce the birth of their first child, Stephanie Ying, on June 11, 1997. Russell writes, "She was born in the same hospital as the famous Iowa septuplets, but we find our hands full taking care of one baby, let alone seven." The family can be reached at (515) 278-8405; chanruss@phibred.com.

Victoria Aldridge Kingslien, Centreville, Va., writes: "I am riding horseback as much as possible, either on my own Arabians or on some outfitter's steeds around the world. Randolph Williams (Michigan '66) and I explore nature near and far, from sea kayaking with gray whales off the coast of Baja California to dredging oysters from a skipjack in the Chesapeake. At work at the INS, I'm special assistant to the executive associate commissioner for management. I look forward to the 30th reunion."

1969

Mark Davis (see **David Hahn** '78).

Stephen P. Nugent, Barrington, R.I., was sworn in as public defender of Rhode Island by Governor Lincoln Almond on July 24, after twenty-four years in private practice as a trial lawyer in Providence. Stephen's daughter **Kara** '98 interned for U.S. Senator Jack Reed in Washington, D.C., last summer. His son Michael is a senior in high school, and his daughter Maura is a junior. His wife, Mary, is a pediatric nurse practitioner. Stephen is chair of this year's Commencement Pops Concert.

1970

Jeffrey G. Bergart, Acton, Mass., joined Krohne America Inc. as its chief financial officer. In January, Jeffrey watched his son, David, 18, compete in the Ski-Archery World Championships in Italy, where he was the top American finisher.

John F. Cooney (see **John J. Cooney Jr.** '41).

Marilynn Mair (see **David Hahn** '78).

1971

Scott C. Bush works for Massachusetts Mutual Life Insurance Co. in Springfield, Mass. He is second vice president and associate general counsel in MassMutual's law department, where he works on the company's real estate investments. Commercial real estate investment has been his area of concentration since he began practicing law in 1974. Scott joined MassMutual almost two years ago as a result of a merger with his previous employer, Connecticut Mutual Life. He is happily divorced and living in Enfield, Conn. Scott writes: "Constant change and unpredictability are, at the same time, life's great challenge and life's great charm. In one twelve-month period, I started this new job, divorced, moved, and took (and passed) the Massachusetts bar exam. Life indeed goes on, and very happily. I have two wonderful children of whom I am most proud: Jennifer, 27, and Robert, 17. I am also very happy to be working with three of Brown's finest in the MassMutual law department: **Dave Kline** '59, **Al Santopietro** '69, and **Ken Cohen**." Scott can be reached at sbush@massmutual.com.

Carol Locke Campbell, San Jose, Calif., was elected president of the Santa Clara Valley chapter of the California Association of Marriage and Family Therapists. She can be reached at 95125carolxxac@aol.com.

Terry Schwadron joined the *New York Times* in January as senior editor for information and technology. Terry had worked at the *Los Angeles Times* for seventeen years. His wife, **Patch Simon Schwadron** '72, and daughter Hannah, 16, moved to the Upper West Side in June. Patch (a former member of the *BAM* board) was conducting her New York job search in the field of career development and counseling at the time of this report. Their daughter Julia, 21, graduates from the University of California at San Diego in June with a degree in studio art and sociology. Son Louis, 19, is a French horn player studying at the New England Conservatory.

Carolyn Smith, Mill Valley, Calif., spent last fall in Russia, the Ukraine, and central

When the Stars Come Out

The little pops concert that grew and grew

BROWN ARCHIVES

JOHN FORASTÉ

At left, the 1965 Pops Concert Committee and waitstaff; below, 1996 headliner Rita Moreno.

In 1965, members of the Brown Club of Rhode Island and the Pembroke Club of Providence decided to stage a Commencement-weekend concert in honor of the University's bicentennial. They engaged actress-singer Martha Wright and the Rhode Island Philharmonic, and 2,100 people turned out on the Pembroke campus for an evening that the July 1965 issue of the *BAM* pronounced "an overwhelming success." Little did those first organizers know that the Pops Concert, conceived as a one-time event, would take its place alongside such staples as Campus Dance and Commencement forums in the liturgy of reunion weekend.

Three decades later, 4,000 people plunk down around $40 apiece (the price varies by table location) to attend the Pops Concert, now held on the main Green to accommodate the crowd. It is, by all accounts, a magical evening, and not simply because of the music. "It's the ambiance," says Teresa Gagnon Mellone '39, a member of the planning committee and a Pops Concert patron for two decades. "It's just something special, with University Hall illuminated in the background and the lanterns all over the Green."

The evening's seamless elegance, however, belies the many months of planning and haggling that bring it to fruition. For example, selecting an entertainer and negotiating a contract can be excruciating, says Stephen Nugent '69, cochair of the planning committee. Not only does the committee have to agree on a performer who will appeal to an audience that runs the gamut from teenagers to nonagenarians, but it has to work within the confines of a budget.

Ray Charles, this year's headliner, fits the bill. "We're spending more for him than we've ever spent," admits Nugent, but he deems Charles well worth the price because of his broad appeal. "It's getting harder and harder to get the kinds of artists we associate with a Pops concert," Mellone says. "The musical tastes of young people are different."

This year's spectacle will follow in the grand tradition of concerts past, when the likes of Michael Feinstein, Marvin Hamlisch, Maureen McGovern, and even Partridge Family matriarch Shirley Jones have graced the stage, accompanied by the Philharmonic. With Charles on board, the committee's biggest worry is that rain might force the event inside Meehan Auditorium, which can accommodate only 3,300. "It hasn't rained in ten years," says a hopeful Nugent, "but then again, it's not every year that we're contending with El Niño." – *Torri Still*

Asia teaching seminars for the U.N. on H.I.V. counseling. "I taught 250 doctors, some of whom were afraid to touch someone with H.I.V." Carolyn writes. "It was extremely challenging work that had its own little moments of reward and satisfaction."

1972

Deborah Lisker started a new part-time job in January at Berwind Corp. in Philadelphia. "Ed, Hilary, Benjamin, and I enjoyed the 25th reunion last May. We visited **Pat Myskowski** '74 Sc.M., '75 M.D. and her family over the summer, after seeing them at the reunion."

Andrew N. Price, South Burlington, Vt., was named president of Champlain Enterprises Inc., operator of USAirways Express/CommutAir. Andrew has been in the airline industry for twenty-three years and previously worked for Trans World Airlines, Air North, and Piedmont Express before joining Champlain in 1992.

1973

Julia Wood Foster is a pathologist at St. Joseph's Hospital in Atlanta. Her husband, Larry, is a history professor at Georgia Tech. They have four children: David, 11, loves computers; Paul, 10, wants to be a theoretical physicist; Laura, 7, is a budding artist and pediatric occupational therapist who also wants to be a mommy and begs us for a little sister; and Eric, 7, Laura's twin, who has mild pervasive developmental disorder (an autistic spectrum disorder), loves trains, draws beautifully, and works hard developing communication and social skills.

Robert D. Lane Jr. joined the Philadelphia law firm of Morgan, Lewis & Bockius, the nation's fourth-largest firm. He is part of the real estate group, which focuses on real estate law, financing, and financial regulatory law. Robert was formerly with the Philadelphia firm Pepper, Hamilton & Scheetz.

1974

Michael J. Busko is division vice president for Hertz Claim Managment in Park Ridge, N.J. He lives in Newburgh, N.Y., with his wife, Mary, and their sons, Nikolai, 16, and Alexei, 13, who both play hockey and musical instruments.

Barbara Ehrlich (see **Stanley L. Ehrlich** '45).

Ken Field has a new e-mail address and Web site: fieldk@worldnet.att.net; http://home.att.net/~fieldk.

Faye V. Harrison has a new position at the University of South Carolina as graduate director of women's studies and professor of

anthropology. She is also coordinating a symposium on women and gender for the 14th International Congress of Anthropological and Ethnological Sciences, which will be held in Williamsburg, Va., from July 26 to Aug. 1.

1975

Alice Jaffe and Bernard Rose (Columbia '66) were married on Nov. 15 in New York City.

Meredith Miller Post lives in Norwalk, Conn., with her husband, Frank, an artist, and their children, Madeline, 11, Chloe, 8, and Philip, 3. Meredith writes for the TV soap *Days of Our Lives*. Both of her daughters act and can be seen in the upcoming films *Object of My Affection*, with Jennifer Aniston, and *Stepmom*, with Julia Roberts and Susan Sarandon.

1976

Marc Cardwell, Vienna, Va., is a foreign service officer and recently returned from sixteen months in Beirut, Lebanon. After more than a decade of involvement with Latin America, he has shifted his focus to the Middle East. "It's almost like a career change," he writes. Mark has a 9-year-old son with whom he spends "a lot of time sailing, snorkeling, and developing his soccer game." Marc expects to be in Washington for the next few years and hopes to attend his 25th reunion.

Manuel E. DaRosa, Bristol, R.I., was promoted to chief financial officer at Meeting Street Center, the Rhode Island affiliate of the Easter Seal Society.

Jane Mackenzie Dennison, Barrington, R.I., writes: "Still doing pediatrics in a growing, wonderful practice. Still raising four boys. Still wonder where all the time went!"

Keith Fishbein '80 M.D. and **Nancy Feldman** (see **Selma Gold Fishbein** '48).

Bill Holber (see Jose Estabil '84).

Janet Schaffel (see **Jesselyn Brown** '92).

1977

Stephen Ehrlich (see **Stanley L. Ehrlich** '45).

Stephen Golub writes: "My path since graduation has included bartending in Washington, D.C., and New York City; political campaigns and city government in New York; bopping around the world for eighteen months; surviving Harvard Law School; funding overseas democratic development projects for a San Francisco-based foundation; spending 1987-93 in the Philippines, first for the foundation and then on a Fulbright fellowship; and settling into Kensington, Calif., near Berkeley, to consult for international development organizations. I currently direct a long-term Ford Foundation review of its overseas legal services and human-rights programs; research foreign aid for legal systems and civil society, with support from the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace and George Soros's Open Society Institute; and teach a course on law and development at the University of California's Boalt Hall School of Law. I love my work and the Bay Area." Stephen can be reached at (510) 559-8581; sjg49er@aol.com.

Mark Hauser (see **Susan Motamed** '89).

Francis Jamiel, Warren, R.I., and his family were honored at the National Kidney Foundation's Gift of Life reception, hosted by *Today*'s Matt Lauer, in Providence in November. Francis donated a kidney to his brother,

Geoff, in 1994. The Jamiel family, which includes Francis's brother **Joe** '80, received the Outstanding Donor Family Award.

Jack Manning was named vice president of engineering at General Dynamics Armament Systems in Burlington, Vt. Since joining the company in 1981 when it was a division of General Electric, John has held leadership positions in engineering, manufacturing, finance, business development, and strategic planning. His current assignment is to manage more than 200 engineers and technicians in a variety of defense and aerospace programs. Jack and his wife, Ann, live in Jericho, Vt., with their sons, William, 10, and Benjamin, 7. Jack is the son of the late **William H. Manning** '51 and his wife, Marion, who submitted this note.

Linda Ann Moulton and her husband, Ron Goddard, live in Cotuit, Mass., on Cape Cod, with their 6-year-old twin girls. Linda recently left banking and became the treasurer of Chicago Miniature Lamp Inc., a manufacturer and distributor of miniature and subminiature lighting systems that owns Sylvania Lighting International. Linda can be reached at lmoulton@capecod.net.

Meryl Pearlstein was appointed director of media strategy at KWE Associates in New York City. In addition to her new role, Meryl will continue as account supervisor on several of the agency's travel and tourism accounts, which include The Equinox, La Casa Que Canta, and Grace Bay Club. Meryl joined KWE Associates in 1993.

James Risen coauthored *Wrath of Angels: The American Abortion War* (Basic Books), which traces the rise and fall of the American anti-abortion movement. James, an investigative reporter for the *Los Angeles Times*, lives in Washington, D.C.

1978

Martin F. Carr '81 M.D. writes: "Greetings to my '78 classmates. Three wonderful guys, David, 4, James, 3, and John Patrick, 1, are making this reunion one that my wife, Mary, and I will attend only in a virtual sense. (Anyone setting up a Web site video link for the 20th reunion?) I'm busy as a stomach doctor in Fullerton, Calif., a nice city eight miles from Disneyland. Like everyone out here who can type, my hobby is writing, but I'm as yet unpublished and unoptioned. Fortunately, I still like my day job. Best wishes to my fellow med-sci classmates who make it to Providence this year." Martin can be reached at mcarr1@compuserve.com.

David Hahn and his wife, Gordana Crnkovic, announce the birth of their first child, Zora, born Nov. 28. Zora was delivered by Dr. **Barbara Detering** '85. David and Gordana live in Seattle and are hoping to move to the East Coast in the near future. David is a composer and recently published a suite of pieces for mandolin and guitar titled *Zoological Bagatelles*. The work was premiered in November by the Mair-Davis Duo (**Mark Davis** '69 and **Marilynn Mair** '70) at the Kentucky Center for the Arts in Louisville. Last year, David received an award from the American Society of Composers, Authors, and Publishers. He can be reached at 10027 31st Ave., NE, Seattle 98125; crnkovic@u.washington.edu.

IN THE NEWS

UNDERMINING MISERY: **Holly Myers** '76 and her crusade against land mines made the pages of the *Portola Valley* (Calif.) *County Almanac*. Myers, the founder of the Palo Alto-based U.S. Campaign to Ban Landmines, told the *Almanac*: "Land mines are devastating the environment and affecting the poorest of the poor."

Bill Lichtenstein, New York City, and June Peoples were married June 21, 1997, at the Seven Hills Country Inn in Lenox, Mass. June is a former city editor with the *Times Herald Record*, a daily newspaper outside New York City. She is currently working with Bill at Lichtenstein Creative Media as the producer of the public radio program "The Infinite Mind," featuring Dr. Fred Goodwin and John Hockenberry.

Amanda Stearns Merullo and her husband, **Roland** '75, announce the birth of their first child, Alexandra Stearns Merullo, born Dec. 17 in Northampton, Mass. Amanda writes: "After eighteen years of marriage we've entered a new realm! Roland is teaching one semester a year at Bennington College and working on his third novel, which will be published by Holt in the fall. I am on maternity leave from my job as photographer at Historic Deerfield Museum. We are both lucky to be home to enjoy Alexandra's first months." They can be reached at 565 Williamsburg Rd., Williamsburg, Mass. 01096; roland@javanet.com.

1979

Glenn Grayson joined the law firm of Wallace, Saunders, Austin, Brown, & Enochs in Overland Park, Kans. He is practicing mainly in the area of employment law. Glenn, his wife, Carolyn, and two daughters have been living in Kansas for almost four years and "really love it here," Glenn reports.

George Hogeman lives in Falls Church, Va., with his wife, Geri, and their children, Ted and Ellie. He works on overseas refugee assistance for Southeast Asia at the State Department.

Alice-Diane Lohr is looking forward to hearing from old friends and getting together at the 20th reunion. She can be reached at 1360 Camellia Cir., Weston, Fla. 33326; lece_lohr@trendswear.com.

Mary Mazzocco and Jonathan Austin announce the birth of Alleana Ruth Austin, born Jan. 21. "Everyone is doing fine," Mary writes. Through mid-July, she is on leave from her job as books editor for the *Contra Costa* (Calif.) *Times*. She can be reached at mazz@well.com.

Lauren A. McDonald was appointed president of the medical staff of St. Paul Medical Center in Dallas. An associate attending physician on staff at St. Paul since 1990, she is the first woman and youngest appointee to serve as president. Lauren is associated with Dallas Nephrology Associates, where she serves as medical director of the Mockingbird Dialysis Center.

Aaron Schuman develops software for ultrasound medical instruments at Acuson Computed Sonography in Mountain View, Calif. He can be reached via e-mail at aaron_schuman@yahoo.com.

Eliza Strode, who has managed consumer cooperatives for fifteen years, graduated with a B.A. in conflict resolution and violence prevention from the University of Massachusetts at Amherst in 1997. She also received a master's in social work (clinical) from Smith College the same year. "Seven classmates and I went skydiving as our rite of passage," Eliza writes. "Not bad for someone who has a fear of heights." In Guatemala this spring for a Spanish-language immersion program, she will live and work in Massachusetts upon her return. Her interests include photography, victim-sensitive victim-offender dialogue, and volunteer work with prison inmates through the Alternatives to Violence Program. She can be reached at 9 Clinton Path, #1, Brookline, Mass. 02146.

1980

Norman Alpert, Purchase, N.Y., writes: "My family is well, and my four kids – Caroline, 10, Erin, 9, Heidi, 6, and Adam, 4 – keep Jane and me very busy. The only tough thing to face in 1998 is my 40th birthday, but so will most everyone in the class of '80. So, I guess I'll try to lose some weight instead."

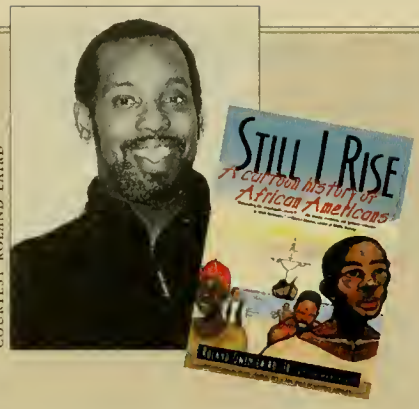
James D. Barron published his first book, *She's Having a Baby – and I'm Having a Breakdown* (William Morrow). The book, a man-to-man guide for fathers-to-be, gives advice on how to get through pregnancy. James is an art dealer and writes for publications such as *Glamour*, the *Paris Review*, and *Garden Design*. He lives in New York City and Connecticut with his wife and two children.

Sarah Freiberg Ellison writes: "After twenty years away, I've moved back into the house in which I grew up, in Belmont, Mass. My parents, **Mildred Pansey Freiberg** '32 and **Malcolm Freiberg** '47 A.M., '51 Ph.D., have moved just two miles away to a glorious condo in an eighteenth-century farmhouse. Meanwhile, my new son, Lloyd (born Sept. 28), and daughter, Lenora, 3, are enjoying their new abode. My husband, Jeff Ellison, a

ROLAND LAIRD '82

Rising from the Ashes

A book about African-American history stretches the comic-book genre



COURTESY ROLAND LAIRD

Four years ago, Roland Laird hit bottom. He and his wife of four months, Taneshia, had just lost their home to a gas-line explosion. Gone up in flames, too, were Laird's prized comic-book collection and all the story ideas for Posro Komics, a publishing house he and Taneshia had founded to help popularize African-American culture.

Then, just as suddenly, "an opportunity fell into our laps," Laird recalls. He and his wife received a proposal for what would become their book, *Still I Rise: A Cartoon History of African Americans* (W.W. Norton). Although Posro had published several successful comic-book series and strips – most notably "The Griots," which was reaching more than a million readers weekly – Laird had never tackled a project of this scope. The 200-page history of African-American life from slavery to the Million Man March "was an opportunity to do something more – to collaborate with young African-American artists and do work that is relevant to the African-American community," he says.

Over a year and a half, Laird, a software engineer and lifelong comic-book junkie, painstakingly worked with Taneshia on the text for *Still I Rise*. Historians from Princeton and the University of Michigan fact-checked the work and made sure the dialogue was true to the speech patterns of each era. Once the script was completed, it went to illustrator Elihu "Adofo" Bey, who gave faces to the voices, creating hundreds of detailed drawings. "It was like watching a movie being brought to life," says Laird. The resulting book has been named an alternate selection by the Book-of-the-Month Club.

While *Still I Rise* is technically a comic book, it is less like *Superman* and more like Art Spiegelman's *Maus*. "I don't expect it to take the place of traditional prose," Laird says of his book's format, "but it definitely augments it – it's 'edutainment'." Comic books appeal to people of all ages, he adds, and can draw young people who might not pick up a history book.

Laird has more comic-book projects in the works, including a volume about hip-hop; he is also toying with the idea of writing a screenplay about his experiences at Brown. In the meantime, he and Taneshia are enjoying their new home. – *Torri Still*

chemist, works in Cambridge at Epix Medical Inc. Although I have cut down on my time away from home, I still play cello with the Portland (Oreg.) Baroque Orchestra and Philharmonia Baroque of San Francisco and am a contributing editor for *Strings* magazine. Now that I am back east, I have enjoyed catching up with old friends from Brown, including **Pat Carroll Ingram**, **Laurel Shader** '81, and **Ellen Langer** '81." Sarah can be reached at 54 Stults Rd., Belmont 02178; (617) 484-1472; ellison@ici.net.

Steve Friedman, Chesterfield, Mo., was named by *Multimedia Producer* magazine one of the top 100 multimedia producers in the United States.

Dave Harris (see **Abbe Beth Robinson Young** '58).

Roberta Lawrence, Troy, N.Y., took a tour of Renaissance mural paintings in Italy last January. Her handmade book containing electronic images is traveling with a group art show sponsored by CIVA (Christians in the Visual Arts). Roberta writes: "I hope to keep this hi-tech, hi-touch thing going as I continue to explore graphic design (and wonder why I never took anything at RISD)." She can be reached at bertlawrence@hotmail.com

1981

Valorie Avedisian writes: "This was a year of changes. I've moved back 'home' after twelve years in California. I'm working as an internal training consultant with Oracle Corp. in Waltham, Mass. I'm hoping to get back in touch with old friends. Belinda, Robert, Debbie, Kris, and the rest of the class of '81, where are you?" Valorie can be reached at 109 Francis Ave., Mansfield, Mass. 02048.

Carrie Brown published *Rose's Garden* (Algonquin Books), a novel.

Joshua Hauser (see **Susan Motamed** '89).

Steve Lincoln and Tracy Davis (Northwestern '93) were married in San Francisco on Aug. 30. In attendance were Steve's brother, **Robert** '83, and their dad, **Larry** '50. Steve and Tracy live in San Francisco, where they both practice law. They can be reached at 1920 Franklin St., #2, San Francisco 94109; sflincoln@aol.com.

Robbin Newman was named a partner in the Fort Lauderdale, Fla., law office of Holland & Knight. She practices in the areas of real estate development and finance, and represents commercial mortgage lenders, financial institutions, and borrowers.

1982

Roger Baumgarten transferred from the Pennsylvania department of corrections to the state's department of labor and industry, where he serves as press secretary. His wife, **Barrett Sheridan**, who was on maternity leave, returned to work as assistant consumer advo-

cate in the Pennsylvania attorney general's office. Roger and Barrett are the parents of Thomas, born in September, and Alex, 3, and can be reached at rogerbaum@aol.com.

Howard J. Castleman has become a shareholder of the Boston law firm Roche, Carens & DeGiacomo. Howard joined the firm in June 1996. His practice involves representing corporations and individuals in a variety of commercial disputes, with special emphasis on complex business and banking transactions, product liability, and intellectual property matters. Howard is president of the Brown Club of Boston.

Shari J. Cohen (see **Wendy Cohen** '89).

Resa Goldstein Eppler lives in Bethesda, Md., with her husband, David, and their sons, Ian, 7, Alex, 4, and Michael, 2.

W. Ellen Fleischmann and **Reid A. Kneeland,** Los Angeles, announce the birth of Elijah Gabriel Kneeland, born Feb. 2 at home. Elijah joins his siblings Sarah Miranda, 9, and Jeremiah Benjamin, 5. Ellen writes: "When I was pregnant and people would ask, 'Is it a boy or a girl?' I'd reply, 'It's a human. I don't know any aliens. Don't believe *The National Enquirer*!' Well, turns out I was wrong. It was a groundhog. He's blond, has extra fingers on each hand like his sister did, and is incredibly cute. An objective fact. Just ask his daddy, of whom he's the exact image." The family can be reached at rakwef@loop.com.

Betsy Young Harris (see **Abbe Beth Robinson Young** '58).

David J. Levin published *Richard Wagner, Fritz Lang, and the Nibelungen* (Princeton University Press). David is assistant professor of Germanic languages and literature at Columbia and editor of *Opera through Other Eyes*.

Laura Levitt, Philadelphia, published *Jews and Feminism: The Ambivalent Search for Home* (Routledge). The book critiques the *ketubbah* – the rabbinic construction of the marriage contract – and also assails the "narrow marital configuration of women's identities." Laura is an assistant professor of religion at Temple University, where she also teaches in the women's studies department and is co-editor of *Judaism Since Gender*.

Scott Woodworth and his wife, Cathy, live in Sonoma, Calif., with their sons, Robby, 3, and Bailey, 2. Scott runs his own advertising agency/graphic design business out of his house and still plays rock 'n' roll. He can be reached at blackpig@best.com. (Scott owns a black pig named Mason.)

1983

Cynthia Field is in the second year of a doctoral program in clinical psychology. She sees patients at the William Alanson White Institute in Manhattan. Cynthia writes: "I spend most weekends in Essex, Conn., where, with the help of my brother, **Rich** '78, I'm renovating an old Federal house, planning next year's garden, and counting the days until the boat's in the water. Visitors en route to the reunion are welcome." Cynthia can be reached at 41 W. 68th St., #1A, New York City 10023.

Ryne Johnson recently built a house in Dartmouth, Mass., where he lives with his wife, Donna, and their children, Alexandra and Zakare. "My dental practice, Discriminating Dental Care, continues to grow, and I've become very busy. My golf game has really suffered," Ryne writes. He was promoted to major in the Rhode Island Air National Guard and heads its dental division.

Suzy Kim, Decatur, Ga., and her husband, Walter Ott, announce the birth of Michael David Ott on Sept. 5. Michael joins his brother, Christopher, 3, "to form a very happy family," Suzy writes. Walter and Suzy still teach at Emory University.

William Poole VIII and **Janet Levinger** '81 moved to the Seattle area a year ago. Will is working for Microsoft, and Janet is working part-time as a business/marketing consultant for nonprofit organizations. William, 7, is in the first grade, and Sarah is 3½.

Anne Vila and her husband, Steve Jacobs (M.I.T. '81), announce the arrival of their first child, Julia Suzanne, born in May 1997. In September, Anne began a yearlong research fellowship from the National Endowment for the Humanities. In December, she received the advance copies of her first book, *Enlightenment and Pathology: Sensibility in the Literature and Medicine of Eighteenth-Century France* (Johns Hopkins University Press). She is still teaching at the University of Wisconsin at Madison and can be reached at avila@macc.wisc.edu.

Luise A. Woelflein received a master's degree in environmental studies from Yale in 1996 and relocated to Anchorage, Alaska, with her husband. They started their own consulting firm and do science curriculum development and program planning for local and national conservation groups.

1984

Sally Belcher, North Potomac, Md., and her husband, Richard, announce the arrival of Jill Heather, born Jan. 26. "Jill's sister, Mary, 5, is happy to have a new baby doll," Sally writes.

Robert J. Chiaradio Jr. is back in New England, "hopefully, for good," he writes. He lives in Monroe, Conn., with his wife, Lisa, and children Hannah, 5, and Jonathan, 3. He writes: "I am still with UST, working as one of five key account managers in the national accounts department and traveling throughout the country. See you at the reunion in '99." Robert can be reached at 7 Cherry Hill Cir., Monroe 06468; rchiaradio@usthq.com.

Marji Young Chimes (see **Abbe Beth Robinson Young** '58).

Tuneen Chisolm writes: "Where in the world is **Wendy Hoskins**? If anyone knows, please tell her to call (215) 898-7153 or e-mail me at tchisolm@dolphin.upenn.edu. Peace and blessings to everybody in the loop – you know who you are."

Gregory J. Conklin was named a partner in the San Francisco office of the international law firm Gibson, Dunn & Crutcher. Gregory specializes in corporate law, with an emphasis on mergers and acquisitions, public and private securities offerings, lending, debt restructuring, and bankruptcy reorganizations.

David Ehrhardt and **Karen McIntosh Ehrhardt** (see **William Ehrhardt** '93).

Jose Estabil and his wife, **Janet Rickershauser** '86, visited friends over the holidays: **Vernon Rosario** and **Bob Tercero** '86 in Los Angeles, **Amanda Tepper** '85 in New York, **Jorge Abellas-Martin** '82 and **Elizabeth Seitz** '82 in Boston, and **Bill Holber** '76 in San Francisco. "And we got back in time to chart the leaning of our retaining wall from El Niño rains," Jose writes. Jose manages the technical business with Intel for his recently merged company. He can be reached at estabil@kla-tencor.com.

Suzanne Keen was awarded a 1997–98 artist's fellowship in poetry by the Virginia Commission for the Arts. Suzanne has published *Victorian Renovations of the Novel: Narrative Annexes and the Boundaries of Representation* and poems in the *Anthology of New England Writers*, the *English Journal*, the *Ohio Review*, and the *Rhode Island Review*. She is an associate professor of English at Washington and Lee University.

Jayne Kurkjian-Siegel and **Stephen Siegel** '83 Sc.M., '85 Ph.D. announce the birth of Amanda Nicole on June 7. Jayne is a psychologist at the Providence V.A. Medical Center, and Stephen is president of FSJ Inc., a systems integration firm specializing in financial services with offices in Boston and Tokyo. They can be reached at sfsiegel@msn.com.

1985

Debra R. Cohen (see **Wendy Cohen** '89).

Barbara Detering (see **David Hahn** '78).

Eve Colson and her husband, Jeff Stein, of Longmeadow, Mass., announce the birth of their daughter, Sarah Beth Stein, born Sept. 12. Sarah joins her brother, Joe, 4, and sister, Rebekah, 6. The family can be reached at ercjms@the-spa.com.

Robert Massing is a bartender at the Hollywood Athletic Club in Hollywood, Calif., and is working on a novel, tentatively titled *Hunter's Game*, about a gay hustler. He spends most of the rest of his time at the gym. He can be reached at robertmassing@juno.com.

Karen Smith Catlin and **Tim Catlin** '86, Belmont, Calif., announce the birth of Edward James Oakley Catlin, on Oct. 16. His big sister, Emma, is 2. Tim is vice president of research and development at Netcentives, and Karen is a program manager at Macromedia, both based in San Francisco.

Barrie Weiner-Ross '88 M.D. and Duane L. Ross (Cornell '85, Howard '88 M.D.) announce the birth of their daughter, Tyler Jordan, born May 23, 1997. They are "happily

living in New Mexico, where we have built an adobe-style house out of recycled car tires," Barrie reports. Barrie and Duane work in private medical practices in Albuquerque, and Barrie is also a consultant in pediatric rehabilitation medicine for the University of New Mexico Hospital. She can be reached at barriewross@pol.net.

Donna Yaffe completed a post-doctoral fellowship in medical psychology at the Johns Hopkins School of Medicine and began working as a staff psychologist at Sinai Hospital. She is also working in private practice with Life Care Health Association in Towson, Md. Donna recently married Kevin Davidson (SUNY-Stony Brook '83, Maryland '86 M.D.). Donna continues to play basketball and "always keeps up with how the Brown women hoopsters are faring." She can be reached at (410) 366-8233; (410) 601-4336; dyaffe@sinai-balt.com.

1986

Dorothea Riggs Dickerson and her husband, Bryan, are beginning three-year Mennonite Central Committee assignments in Bangladesh. Bryan will be working as an engineering services leader and Dorothea as a project development adviser. Dorothea was self-employed as a writer and editor in Blacksburg, Va. She and Bryan have two children, Darrah and Philip.

Marco García and **Chantal Beckmann**'s son, Mateo Orion García Beckmann, 2, "already speaks some Spanish and plays soccer," Marco writes. "He also loves the beach and swimming." Marco and Chantal windsurf off of Key Biscayne on the weekends. Marco is Latin America director for Atlas Telecom. The family lives in Davie, Fla.

Deborah Garrison published her first collection of poems, *A Working Girl Can't Win and Other Poems* (Random House). Deborah's poems have appeared in *The New Yorker*, the *New York Times*, *Slate*, and *Open City*. Deborah is a senior editor at *The New Yorker* and lives in New York City.

Kevin Harrison is an assistant professor of geology and geophysics at Boston College, where he continues his research on the global carbon cycle. He was recently included in Marquiss' *Who's Who in Science and Engineering 1998–99*. When he is not studying the ramifications of global change, he can be found exploring greater Boston with **BethAnn Zambella** '84. Kevin can be reached at Geology & Geophysics, Devlin Hall, Boston College, Chestnut Hill, Mass. 02167; (617) 552-4653; kevin.harrison@bc.edu.

Michael Julian (see **Stella Hughes Julian** '46).

J.M. Landsberg '86 Sc.M. lives in Toulouse, France, and can be reached at jml@picard.ups-tlse.fr.

Robin Lumsdaine returned to Brown last fall as an associate professor in economics. "The first course I taught was a course I took as an undergrad here," Robin writes. "Despite still having my old lecture notes, I wrote new ones." She can be reached at Box B, Providence 02912; robin_lumsdaine@brown.edu.

Stephen C. McEvoy and **Elizabeth A. Claffey** '92 were married Sept. 13 in Falmouth Foreside, Maine. **Kai U. Mazur** served as an usher. Elizabeth is an associate in the Boston law firm Palmer and Dodge. Stephen is an assistant general counsel at Biogen in Cambridge, where the couple lives.

Larry Primis (see **Tara Brennan** '92).

Jeff Rodgers writes: "I've been the editor of *Acoustic Guitar*, a monthly magazine for musicians, since its beginning in 1990, and we're in the process of expanding into CD compilations and various types of music-related books. I'm amazed at how many Brown grads have come up in our pages over the years – **Mary Chapin Carpenter** '81, **Lisa Loeb** '90, **Duncan Sheik** '92, and **Catie Curtis** '87. On the personal side, **Cecilia Van Hollen** '87 and I are expecting our second child in June, when our daughter, Lila, turns 4." Jeff can be reached at 50 Elizabeth Way, San Rafael, Calif. 94901; jeff@stringletter.com.

Kristen Schroeder and Gary Kittleson

announce the birth of their first child, Iris Elena Kittleson, born Aug. 17 in Berkeley, Calif. Kristen is staying at home with Iris; she had been working as a watershed manager and fisheries biologist in the Santa Cruz Mountains. Kristen can be reached at 805 San Carlos Ave., Albany, Calif. 94706; schroeder.kittle@worldnet.att.net.

Darryl Shrock and his wife, Pamela, announce the birth of Jonah David Shrock, born Dec. 12. Jonah can be viewed at http://members.aol.com/shrocks/jonah.html. Darryl can be reached at 10616 Morning Field Dr., Potomac, Md. 20817; (301) 610-7766; shrocks@aol.com.

1987

Pam Gerrol, class secretary, urges classmates to keep her posted on their news. She can be reached at pdgerrol@bics.bwh.harvard.edu.

Gwendolyn Coen Basinger writes: "After ten years in Chicago, I've finally accepted the fact that I'm a transplanted New Yorker. The first eight years in Chicago were spent at Leo Burnett and at the J.L. Kellogg Graduate School of Management. For the last two years, I've run business development at DDB Needham, where I manage our new business activities. In September my Chicago status became permanent when I married David Basinger, also an ad guy. We live in the city with his son, Josh, and our two cats, Maui and Lily." Gwendolyn can be reached at 3750 N. Lake Shore Dr., #3C, Chicago 60613; basinger@interaccess.com.

Paul Bechta '88 Sc.M. and **Sarah Wolk Bechta** '88, '92 M.D., Colorado Springs, Colo., announce the birth of James Wolk Bechta on Feb. 7. James's early visitors included **Kristi Erdal** '88, who also lives in Colorado Springs.

Nitya Datwani Bharany writes: "We have moved back to our family home in Greater Kailash, New Delhi. Mahesh and I have our hands full with our sons, Maanit, 4, and Nirvaan, 15 months. We would love to hear from long-lost friends now that we have finally succumbed to the joys of e-mail. (Rafael and Andrés, please write soon!)" Nitya can be reached at S-9 Greater Kailash, part 1, New Delhi 110048 India; bharany@ndb.vsnl.net.in.

Jim Biek and his wife, Marie-Thérèse, are celebrating the second anniversary of their move to London from New York. Their first child, Lucie Alba Lorraine, was born in July. Jim is an associate in the architecture firm Munkenbeck & Marshall and "will jump into the media with an installation at the Museum of Modern Art in New York City this winter," he writes. "We bought a loft shell, which realized my first independent design on British soil. We know only too well that London is a convenient arrival point for international travelers. We've gotten quite good at entertaining drop-ins." Potential visitors can reach Jim at 50-52 Great Eastern St., London EC2A 3EP U.K.; 101572.1114@compuserve.com.

Sally A. Campbell-Lee will complete her residency in anatomic and clinical pathology at the University of Maryland in June. She graduated from Albany Medical College in 1993 and completed her internship in internal medicine at the University of Pittsburgh. Sally will begin her fellowship in blood banking and transfusion medicine at Johns Hopkins University Hospital. In April 1997, Sally married Charles D. Lee (Coppin State '87), a chemist who works for the U.S. Department of the Treasury in the bureau of engraving and printing. **Lisa Wade** '88 was maid of honor. Sally can be reached at 1714 Park Ave., #214, Baltimore 21217.

Maria Oliveira Evonsion and her husband, Gary, of Alpharetta, Ga., announce the arrival of Megan Lurdes Evonsion. She was born Dec. 30 and joins her brother, Alexander Carl, 2½.

Leigh Hare Griswold and **Andy Griswold** announce the birth of their first child, Madison Leigh, born Sept. 6. Leigh is taking a yearlong leave of absence from her doctoral program in clinical psychology. Andy, recently promoted to first vice president at Merrill Lynch, is working fewer hours in order to spend time with Madison.

Lisa Jaycox recently moved to Santa Monica, Calif., to work as an associate behavioral scientist at RAND. Lisa writes, "I am a clinical psychologist, happily married to Andrew Morral (Swarthmore '85), and looking for classmates in the L.A. area." She can be reached at (310) 393-0411; jaycox@rand.org.

Andrew Krantz writes: "December was a great month. My law office moved into a grand Victorian building off the Navesink River in Red Bank, N.J.; Laura and I signed a contract to buy a new home; and, best of all, our son Jonathan was born on the 21st. We're all doing great." Andrew can be reached until fall at 39 Tack Ct., Tinton Falls, N.J. 07753; (732) 922-3771.

Sarah Lum writes: "After five years working at Brown on a two-way video link I have taken a yearlong leave to study at that lesser-known school up North. I'm earning an M.P.A. with a concentration in corporate and international philanthropy." Sarah can be reached at 367 Harvard St., #2, Cambridge, Mass. 02138; lumsara@ksg.harvard.edu.

Gilberto Maymí and **Hildren Francis** have been busy raising their daughters, Natalia Celeste, 5, Viviana del Mar, 4, and Paola Antonia, 2. Gilberto is practicing law at a local firm, and Hildren has taken a leave from lawyering and is considering doing something "more creative and fun." They can be reached at King's Court 77, PH-2, San Juan, Puerto Rico 00911; (787) 727-5846.

1988

Jennifer Fisher completed her Ph.D. in child psychology at Arizona State in 1996 and is now in her second year of a postdoctoral fellowship at the Mayo Clinic in Rochester, Minn. She can be reached via e-mail at fisher.jennifer@mayo.edu.

Andrew Friedman (see **Erik Pitchal** '94).

Elisa R. Griego received an M.F.A. from the Yale School of Drama. She married Paul Marottolo on Aug. 9 and designed and made her own gown and veil. Her maid of honor was **Paula Abdalas**. Also in the ceremony was **David Griego** '86, who served as flute soloist and usher. Elisa is the technical director of the theater department at the Westminster School in Simsbury, Conn., where she and Paul live.

Anne Crocker Hefter and Scott Hefter announce the birth of their second child, Ted, on Nov. 23. They have moved to Washington, D.C., and can be reached at 6900 Loch Lomond Dr., Bethesda, Md. 20817; (301) 320-8649.

Lisa Lebow Kaufman and **Mark Kaufman** '87, Baltimore, announce the birth of Caroline Ellis Kaufman, on Oct. 21. Caroline was delivered by Dr. **Alan Tapper** '61 and is the granddaughter of **Larry Kaufman** '52. Mark and Lisa are enjoying parenthood and are looking forward to showing off their new addition at Lisa's 10th reunion.

Angela Mitchell, Oak Park, Ill., coauthored *What the Blues Is All About: Black Women Overcoming Stress and Depression* (Perigee). The book examines depression among African-American women.

Gene Sims and **Christine Talleyrand Sims** announce the birth of their first child, Gena Yvonne Sims, born June 19 in Gainesville, Fla. The family can be reached at 6425 NW 29th Terr., Gainesville 32653.

Jennifer Wayne-Doppke is vice president of on-line research and development for COR Healthcare Resources, a publishing and research firm. She is also executive editor of the monthly magazine *Medicine on the Net*, author of the annual *Healthcare Guide to the Internet*, and a frequent presenter at national conferences on Internet/intranet use in medical settings. She telecommutes fulltime from her home in upstate New York, which she shares with a husband, two dogs, and two cats. She can be reached at jenwayne@tds.net.

1989

Sarah Arndt and Steve Piazza (Harvard '90) announce the arrival of Benjamin Serlin on Oct. 12. "Ben is an energetic baby who loves to 'talk' and hates to sleep, so his parents are happy, but tired," Sarah reports. Sarah was awarded a doctorate in psychology from Northwestern in August, just in time to be a full-time mom. Steve is nearing the completion of his doctorate in mechanical engineering from Northwestern. Sarah can be reached at 1904 W. Morse Ave., #2, Chicago 60626; (773) 761-4957.

Rodd W. Bender joined Manko, Gold & Katcher, an environmental law firm with offices in Pennsylvania and New Jersey. Previously Rodd was a law clerk for the Hon.

AMY NYE '90

Up, Up, and Away

A traveler's yen for Walkman tapes spawns a booming airport business

COURTESY AMY NYE

Ask Amy Nye about the inspiration behind AltiTunes, her chain of airport-based music stores, and she readily admits, "I copied the idea." After a summer of traveling in Europe just before entering Brown, Nye found herself in London's Heathrow Airport, "completely sick of the tapes I'd brought along for my Walkman," she says. She bought an overpriced tape from an airport music store and wondered, "Why don't they have music stores in airports at home? And why is this store so expensive?"

Nearly a decade later, in the fall of 1994, Nye had completed a financial-analyst training program at Goldman Sachs and was thinking about starting her own business. She remembered that moment in Heathrow and began mulling ideas for an airport music store. Desperate for leads, Nye dialed 411 and got the number for the New York Port Authority. Twenty phone calls later, after being turned down by both Kennedy and Newark airports, Nye found a sympathetic manager at LaGuardia. "I couldn't believe he gave me a shot," Nye says. "Reaching one person who's open-minded – that's all it takes."

At LaGuardia, Nye made her pitch: she needed only 200 square feet – enough room for a freestanding kiosk. "With kiosks, you often get better locations," says Nye. "You can plop one down right in the middle of traffic. They're much less expensive to build, and people who walk by have an incentive to stop. It's hard to get people with luggage into a store. It's too cramped."

Her simple idea – offering reasonably priced music to weary travelers – has taken off. AltiTunes stores, which sell everything from CDs to video games to PalmPilots, can now be found in the major East Coast airports. Average sales of $1,500 per square foot earned Nye's company a cool $2 million in 1997.

Nye plans to expand into other parts of the United States, Canada, and Mexico, and this summer, an AltiTunes outpost will open in New York's Grand Central Station. By year's end, Nye estimates twenty-eight AltiTunes stores will be up and running. Not bad for an idea inspired by a teenage quest for new tapes. – *Torri Still*

William T. Moore Jr. of the U. S. District Court, southern district of Georgia. He lives with his wife, Cari, a public relations and special-events manager, in Bryn Mawr, Pa.

Ken Boyer and his wife, Mary (Ohio State '91 J.D.), announce the birth of their first son, Graham Devitt Boyer, born Nov. 20. Ken is an assistant professor and teaches operations management in the M.B.A. program at DePaul University. He taught a three-week course in Hong Kong in February. Ken can be reached at 236 S. 6th Ave., LaGrange, Ill. 60525; (708) 482-8352; kboyer@wppost.depaul.edu.

Rex Chiu '94 M.D. finished his internal-medicine residency at New York Hospital–Cornell Medical Center and started his "first real job since graduation" with the Stanford Medical Group in California. Rex is on the faculty of Stanford Medical School and is "having fun seeing patients and teaching medical students and residents," he writes. He and his wife, Madeline Hsiung (Syracuse '91; Columbia '95 M.A., '96 M.Ed.), and their 1-year-old son, Wayland, have moved into a new home. They can be reached at 8 Tulip Ln., Palo Alto 94303; rexchiu@stanford.edu.

Wendy L. Cohen married Michael Uram (Dartmouth '90) last July 6. Present at the wedding were Wendy's sisters, **Shari** '82 and **Debra** '85. Wendy and Mike live in New York City, where Wendy teaches health at the Ramaz School and Mike is a second-year student at Mount Sinai Medical School. They can be reached at 210 E. 68th St., #5D, New York, N.Y. 10021. This note was sent in by Wendy's father, **Theodore P. Cohen** '58.

Brad Frishberg and his wife, Amy, announce the birth of fraternal twins, Jacob and Zoe, on Jan. 23. The family lives in Tokyo, where Brad works for J.P. Morgan. They can be reached at frishberg_bradford@jpmorgan.com.

Sarah Dorsey and Paul Kollmer were married on Dec. 6 at their home. Brunonian guests included Sarah's father, **Frank C. Dorsey** '56. Paul and Sarah now share the last name "Kollmer-Dorsey" and can be reached at 1918 17th St., NW, Washington, D.C. 20009; (202) 986-3177.

Christina Manetti, a doctoral candidate in history at the University of Washington, received a 1997-98 Fulbright scholarship and is doing research in Warsaw, Poland. Christina can be reached at carletto@worldnet.att.net.

Susan Motamed and her husband, **Matthew Hauser**, have been living in Brooklyn for three years. They were married in Providence in October 1995, with many Brown alumni present. Their wedding party included **Mark Hauser** '77, **Joshua Hauser** '81, **John Tiedeman** '87, **Rich Zimmerman** '90, **Ned Sherman** '90, and **Susan Lofgren**. Susan Motamed writes: "On August 5, our son, Benjamin, was born. He is a very fun and beautiful little person! I have been on hiatus from work as a producer since July." Susan codirected two episodes of the History Channel's documentary series *The Fifties*. "It was so much fun to run around the country interviewing people who had been a part of such an intriguing and conflicted decade. Last year I produced and directed all voices and live-action video for the first season of Nickelodeon's preschool series *Blue's Clues*, and I've also been freelance producing for a Los Angeles–based commercial editing company. Matt is still working as a sound designer at Big Foote Music. He does sound design for national TV commercials. We are moving to a bigger apartment in Park Slope this spring." Susan and Matt can be reached at 323 Sterling Pl., Brooklyn, N.Y. 11238; smotamed@aol.com; mhauser67@aol.com.

Molly Shapiro, Seattle, published her first book of fiction, *Eternal City* (Helicon Nine Editions), a collection of stories. In 1997, Molly received the Willa Cather Fiction Prize for the collection.

1990

Teodoro Albán received his M.B.A. at the Escuela Superior Politécnica del Litoral in Guayaquil, Ecuador, in May 1994. He was named national credit manager for Corporación Financiera Nacional in March 1997. Teodoro married Carolyn Garrett Lollard on Nov. 8 in Houston. They live in Quito, Ecuador.

Alexa Albert and **Andy Sack** '89 are living in Brookline, Mass. Andy writes: "Life is good. Abuzz (my company) has tripled in size and narrowed its focus. I still find time to enjoy Alexa, yoga, and swimming. I am looking to recruit other high-tech and business Brown alumni. Please contact me at asack@abuzz.com." Alexa writes: "Almost an M.D. now. But first I will take a yearlong hiatus to write a book about Nevada's brothel industry." Alexa can be reached at aalbert@student.med.harvard.edu.

Michele Baker graduated from Yale Medical School last May and is doing a residency in psychiatry with the Harvard Longwood program. She can be reached at mbaker@bidmc.harvard.edu.

Laurelyn E. Douglas is a litigation associate in Shearman & Sterling's New York office. She graduated from Vanderbilt's School of Law last May. Laurelyn sends congratulatory wishes to **Lucia Arteta de Perez** and her husband, Bernardo, on the birth of their daughter, and to **Pamela Tatum** on her wedding. She would love to hear from **Tanuja Desai** when Tanuja returns from India. A fan of the Carnegie Hall Jazz Band, Laurelyn can be found at most of their home concerts or reached via e-mail at ldouglas@shear man.com.

Dawn Goldsmith married Warren Firschein in an outdoor ceremony in Sandy Spring, Md., on Aug. 31. **Louise Davidson-Schmich**, **Marilla Ochis** '89, and **Jill Sands Curtis** participated in the ceremony. Dawn and Warren met in Warsaw, Poland, in 1992. "Warren likes photography and traveling, and has a great smile and a warm heart," Dawn writes. "We spent our honeymoon in Tahiti, putting our scuba-diving lessons to good use. (We were certified in a quarry in Pennsylvania. After the South Pacific, we will never dive in cold water again.) Then we returned to the D.C. area and bought a house." Warren is a lawyer in the common carrier bureau of the Federal Communications Commission, and Dawn is a lawyer in the office of chief counsel of the Food and Drug Administration. Friends can contact them at 9513 Wadsworth Dr., Bethesda, Md. 20817; warsaw@idt.net. "*Kendi Ho*, this means you! And Manuel, I lost you again!"

Dennis Karjala is living in Hong Kong and heading up the international sales division for Intex. He can be reached at (852) 2311-7998; dkarjala@hotmail.com.

Adam Komisarof is hoping to connect with old friends living in Japan. He will be studying Japanese at Keio University for one year on a Rotary Foundation ambassadorial scholarship. He can be contacted through his Japanese in-laws at 1-8-28 Nakakonoike-cho, Higashiosaka-shi, Osaka 578 Japan.

Robert M. Pollock writes: "After working for six years with community development companies, I have started my own real estate company, Uptown Homes, specializing in Harlem and Manhattan's Upper West Side. I operate as a buyer's broker – helping clients locate, finance, and negotiate the best price for a townhouse, condo, or co-op – and as a listing broker. I am especially interested in the historical preservation of Harlem's architectural gems." Robert can be reached at 767 Beck St., Bronx, N.Y. 10455; (718) 617-8640; micpollock@aol.com.

Mark Popofsky finished a six-month stint as a special assistant U.S. attorney in Alexandria, Va. Mark is now serving as senior counsel in the antitrust division of the U.S. Department of Justice in Washington, D.C., and working on the United States' case against Microsoft. He can be reached at poper@erols.com.

IN THE NEWS

READING UP: *The Ann Arbor News* profiled **Pamela Bogart '91**, program director for Washtenaw Literacy, an agency that provides reading tutors for 150 adults in Washtenaw County, Michigan. Literacy programs are important today, Bogart told the paper, because many kids are falling through the cracks of the public school system.

1991

Julie Berman is engaged to Hal Kaufman, and they are planning a June wedding. Julie recently received an M.B.A. from UCLA's Anderson School of Management. She is a financial analyst for Target Stores in Minneapolis and can be reached at 1314 Marquette Ave., #1402, Minneapolis 55403; bermanj@hotmail.com.

Eden Parker Grace and husband, Jim, announce the birth of Jesse Frederick Grace, born Dec. 13. Jesse joins Isaiah, 19 months. Eden can be reached at 17 Rock Hill St., Medford, Mass. 02155; (781) 395-8827; eden@graces.com.

Bryan Hsuan graduated from Columbia's film school with an M.F.A. in October. In 1992 he served as Martin Scorsese's first student intern at Cappa Productions. He has been preparing six feature scripts, which he was planning to market at the end of January. He says hello to his former colleagues at the *College Hill Independent* and to his friends from Brown.

Angela Kyle, who finished business and journalism school at Columbia, is working in London as a business development manager

for Turner Broadcasting's European entertainment networks. Loads of Brown friends have dropped in for short and long visits, she reports, including **Cynthia Henry**, **Christina Eng**, **James Harris** '92, **Sunah Park** '90, and **Lorine Pendleton**. Angela would love to hear from London-based classmates and those who are passing through. She can be reached at angelak360@aol.com.

Pete Kopke Jr. (see **Tom Moses** '58).

Sayles Livingston lives in Little Compton, R.I., with her husband, David Wilson, and their son, Benjamin Sayles Wilson, born April 9, 1997. Sayles has a floral design business and hopes that anyone who needs help with wedding flowers will call her at (401) 635-4709; sayleslv@aol.com.

Jenny Saffran received a Ph.D. in brain and cognitive sciences from the University of Rochester. She is now an assistant professor in psychology at the University of Wisconsin at Madison. Jen is engaged to a classmate from Rochester, Seth Pollak, who joins Jen as a new faculty member in psychology at UW. She is pleased to report that UW lives up to its reputation as the Brown of the Midwest. Jen can be reached at the Department of Psychology, UW-Madison, Madison, Wis. 53706; (608) 262-9942.

Emre Yilmaz writes: "I've been doing puppetry (or is it computer animation?) at Protozoa in San Francisco for a few years. We specialize in what I call digital puppetry, though it's also called motion capture or performance animation. We do work for TV (recently we built a virtual Bill Clinton for MTV) and for the Internet. We also build puppets for other companies. I'm basically the digital equivalent of a puppet builder and puppeteer – it's half artistic and half technical, requiring skills from drawing to programming. I also travel to give talks about our work or do demos. It's great fun to be working with puppets, even intangible digital ones." E-mail Emre at emre@protozoa.com, or go to www.protozoa.com/~emre.

Juliana Young married Daniel O'Laughlin (Minnesota '97 M.D.) on June 7 in Minneapolis. The couple met in medical school at the University of Minnesota. **Rebecca Wood** served as a bridesmaid. Juli can be reached at 3717 Orchard Ave. N., Robbinsdale, Minn. 55422; youn0110@gold.tc.umn.edu.

1992

Tara Brennan and **Craig Primis** '91 were married at the Westin Hotel in Providence on Aug. 31. Many Brown alumni attended the Labor Day weekend festivities, including **Mary Martins Brennan** '79 A.M. (mother of the bride) and **Nelson Martins** '67 (uncle of the bride). Bridesmaids included **Nel Eland Ellwein** and **Deborah List**; the best man was **Larry Primis** '86 (brother of the groom); and ushers included **Eric Golden** '90, **Seth Kalvert** '91, **Matt Hoffman** '91, **Glenn Salzman** '92 and **Jeremy Rothfleisch** '92. Tara and Craig are lawyers in private practice and live in Washington, D.C. They can be reached at tara_primis@shawpittman.com.

Jesselyn Brown and her husband, Dan Radack (Massachusetts '87, Johns Hopkins '91 M.A.), announce the birth of Jacob Aidan Radack, born Feb. 5. "He was apparently conceived at my five-year reunion," Jesselyn writes. Labor was induced by **Janet Schaffel** '76, '79 M.D. After graduating from Yale Law School in 1995, Jesselyn joined the attorney general's honor program as a trial attorney at the U.S. Department of Justice. She can be reached at 2939 Van Ness St., NW, #448, Washington, D.C. 20008.

Elizabeth A. Claffey (see **Stephen C. McEvoy** '86).

Chris D'Arcy '96 M.D. and **Victoria G. Reyes** '96 M.D. were married in New York City on Oct. 25. Brunonians in attendence included best man **Dave Gordon**. "We ate a lot, drank a lot, broke out the stogies, and danced the night away," the couple writes. "We want to thank everyone for attending and making it such a great day. And to the water polo team boys, thanks for coming!" Chris and Victoria are doing residencies at the University of Washington in Seattle in primary care/internal medicine and pathology, respectively. They can be reached at vicreyes@u.washington.edu.

Matt Dunne was reelected to a third term as a Vermont state representative. He published his first article, "The Politics of Generation X," in *National Civic Review*. He was hired as marketing director of Logic Associates, a software company providing business management systems to the printing industry. Matt has been touring nationally to speak on politics and Generation X, and arts policy and economic development. He chaired the search for Vermont's first film commissioner and owns Cabin Fever Productions. He can be reached at RR1, Box 186, Hartland, Vt. 05048; mattd@zlogic.com.

Thomas Giolmas writes: "**Stefanos Pesmazoglou** is living in Greece, taking his first steps toward becoming a ship owner, while **Matilda Dourida** is a rising star in Greece's advertising industry. **Kyros Filippou** is running business as usual, albeit with some help from **Dimitrios Kontarinis** '91. **Dimitrios Katsaounis** is trading currencies in the Greek financial markets, while **Kostis Nikolaides** is living and working in New York City. Fortunately, we all manage to see each other quite often."

Joseph Lemon Jr. writes: "After jealously listening to all my Brown classmates tell tales of their lives in graduate school for the past five years, I finally have been able to take a year off from managing the Abbey Hotel (Bettendorf, Iowa) to earn a master's degree at Oxford. Student life is every bit as great as I remembered! Fortunately, **Eric Streisand** has been able to drop by on Cambridge/Oxford recruiting trips. All others are welcome." Joseph can be reached at Magdalen College, High St., Oxford, OX1 4AU, England; joseph.lemon@obs.ox.ac.uk.

Mee Moua is an associate with Leonard, Street & Deinard, a Minneapolis law firm. Mee, who will practice in the public law group, is a 1997 graduate of the University of Minnesota's law school.

Simon Park married Laney Batavick (Canisius '93) on Oct. 11 in Washington, D.C. Simon and Laney are living in Takoma Park, Md., and can be reached at spark@comsysmgt.com.

Robin Peduzzi and **Jeff Sumner** will be married Sept. 5 in Carlisle, Pa. **Renée Schneider**, **Marc Osofsky**, and **Mark Mancuso** will be in the wedding party, and **James Schroeder** will be the best man. Robin and Jeff can be reached at 752 Pacheco St., San Francisco 94116.

Matthew R. Piepenburg. Cambridge, Mass., published *Time and the Maiden* (Lost Coast Press), a novel. The book was a finalist in the 1996 First Novel contest.

Barak D. Richman has returned from a year in Vietnam and is now in a doctoral program in economics at the University of California at Berkeley. He can be reached at (510) 704-0921; brichman@haas.berkeley.edu.

Aldina Vazao and David Kennedy announce the birth of Dylan Jeronimo Kennedy, born Jan. 20. Aldina can be reached at 2400 16th St., NW, #532, Washington, D.C. 20009; (202) 588-8907; avazao@aol.com.

1993

A scholarship fund for minority students has been established in memory of **Iran Bachman** and **Ji Suk Lee**, who died in 1991 and 1997 respectively. **Jennifer Chapin** and a number of alumni were very close to Iran and Ji Suk, and it is through their efforts and those of Jennifer's family that the fund has been established. Anyone who wishes to contribute may send a check payable to Brown University (with a note that it is for the Bachman/Lee Scholarship Fund) to Margaret Broaddus, Brown University Development Office, Box 1893, Providence, R.I. 02912. Jennifer can be reached at (212) 581-3929.

Stacy Benjamin will be married on May 25. "Unfortunately, it's the same weekend as my 5th reunion," Stacy writes, "but I'll make it to the 10th. I'm finishing my master's degree at the Annenberg School for Communication at the University of Pennsylvania, and I will be heading to Scotland (where my fiancé is from) after the wedding and graduation." Until June, Stacy can be reached at sbenjamin@pobox.asc.upenn.edu.

Amy Torok Carey worked in Tanzania as a volunteer teacher at an elementary school after she graduated. Upon her return to the United States, she entered Duke's M.A.T. program; during that time she married Ryan Carey (Colorado '93), a fellow graduate student at Duke. They graduated from Duke in the summer of 1996 and have been working

at a small, coed boarding school – Verde Valley School in Sedona, Ariz. – for the last two years. Ryan is an anthropology and history teacher and Amy is the associate director of admissions and director of college counseling. She also is playing second flute in the Flagstaff Symphony. Amy can be reached at 3511 Verde Valley School Rd., Sedona 86351.

William Ehrhardt married Jessica Bartell (Yale '94) on Jan. 3 at the Unitarian Meeting House in Madison, Wis. William's brother, **Jon** '96, was best man. Other alumni in attendance included William's brother, **David** '84, and David's wife, **Karen McIntosh Ehrhardt** '84. William and Jessica are third-year medical students at the University of Wisconsin and are planning to do their residencies in internal medicine. They are settled back in Madison after a honeymoon in Costa Rica and can be reached at 1321 Jenifer St., Madison 53703; wmehrhar@students.wisc.edu.

Silas Glisson and Carla McCracken (Roosevelt '96) were married on Sept. 20, 1996, in Chicago. They reside in Chicago, where Silas is a freelance translator for consulting firms and Carla works as a literary editor. Both are "extremely ecstatic and very much in love," reports Silas. They are finalizing the visa process for migration to Australia, where they hope to move this year. In addition, Silas received his M.A. in humanities from California State University at Dominguez Hills in May 1997. He can be reached at sng7@hotmail.com.

Scott Hanley lives in San Diego. He took the California bar exam in February and is working on ESPN's X Games.

Robert E. Herrmann completed a master's of environmental management at Duke University's Nicholas School of the Environment. Robert writes: "While at Duke, I roomed for two years with **Jeremy Hushon**, who was attending Duke's School of Law, and got a few chances to see **Hale Pulsifer** '92, who is still touring the nation with Angry Salad. Also at Duke during my tenure were **Jon Cosco**, **Chad Nelsen** '92, and **Liz DeMattia** '94. I am now based in Southampton, N.Y., where I work as a coastal management specialist for En-Consultants Inc., an environmental consulting firm." Robert can be reached at encon@peconic.net.

D. Robert Jordan is in his first year of an internal-medicine residency at Cooper Hospital-University Medical Center in Camden, N.J. He graduated from the University of Medicine and Dentistry of New Jersey-Robert Wood Johnson Medical School last May. He can be reached at 401 Cooper Landing Rd., #622, Cherry Hill, N.J. 08002; (609) 667-2108; djordan@umdnj.edu.

Dave Lindstrom writes: "I am thrilled to be engaged to the darling Maura Callahan of Birmingham, Mich., and can't wait for our August 29 wedding. I was best man in the festive wedding of **Ed Mikolay** '94, who wed Ellen Talaga of Michigan City, Ind. More wedding bells for **Steve Chasse** and **Julie Hug** on March 21. Good friends **Phil Martin** and **Jennifer Carr** have recently announced their engagements. I spent New Year's Eve with **Mike Glascott**, **Scott Camp**, and **Adam Langston** in Chicago. All are healthy and happy. I speak often to **Lin Gorman**, who loves her work as a teacher. I am in sales for 3Com Corp. in New York City and can be reached at (212) 760-3947; david_lindstrom@3com.com."

Nancy Lublin was named by *Ms.* magazine one of "21 for 21st: Leaders for the Next Century." Nancy is the author of *Pandora's Box: Feminism Confronts Reproductive Technology* (Rowman & Littlefield), which addresses abortion rights and reproductive technology. She is also the founder of Dress for Success New York, a nonprofit organization that provides work-related clothing to low-income women.

Toby Reynolds moved from Chicago to Indianapolis to join the intellectual-property and trade-regulation department of Barnes & Thornburg. He invites all members of the Phi Kappa Psi class of 1990 to contact him regarding Reunion Weekend. Toby can be reached at 6718 Mill Creek Cir., #1136, Indianapolis 46214; (317) 347-1016 (home); (317) 231-7425 (work); treynold@btlaw.com.

1994

Rick Cusick moved to San Francisco in September and is doing environmental consulting with a small Oakland firm. He hangs out with **Isaac Peace Hazard** and **Aaron Presbrey** '93. "I'm currently tracking the effects of El Niño on the Bay Area club scene," Rick writes. He can be reached at 127 Dore Alley, San Francisco 94103; rcusick@hotmail.com.

Bryan Davis is living in New York, where he and his business partner launched a new line of cigarette papers called Chills. He opened his first bar, Bahi (274 3rd Ave.), with several friends from Brown. He is also marketing two friends' new line of men's couture suits called Baumler Und Ascher–New York. Bryan lives with **Bryan Paulk** '95, **James Stanzler** and his brother, **Dan** '96, and **Rich Garza**. Bryan writes, "**Charlie Franc** remains my spiritual guide, with whom I communicate daily thorough telepathy, and **Dan Leppo** is my personal stylist." Bryan can be reached at baumlerny@aol.com.

Laura Gardner left New York City and MSNBC last June. She has a "great job" writing the evening news for Boston's NBC station. Laura spends warm-weather weekends sea kayaking on Cape Cod. Last March, she traveled in Spain with **Josh Kanner** and **Elisabeth Fieldstone Kanner** '95, who live in Madrid.

Adam Marlin is a reporter in Washington, D.C. "I get hassled by the likes of **Dusty Horwitt**, **Hal Levey**, and **Dave Phemister**, among others," Adam writes. "It's a good group to get hassled by, though." Adam sends his congratulations to Manny and Krissy on their engagement.

Emily Constable Pershing and her husband, **Andy** '95, Ithaca, N.Y., announce the birth of their first child, Harrison Robert Pershing, on Dec. 16. "Everyone is happy and healthy and enjoying some time off from school," Emily writes. Emily will complete her D.V.M. this month, and Andy is planning to complete his Ph.D. in 2000. Emily can be reached at ecc4@cornell.edu.

Erik Pitchal is finishing law school at Yale and "looking forward to easing into (or is it diving blindly into?) the real world soon," he writes. "I had a great job last summer with the New Hampshire public defender. I handled several juvenile cases, loved it, and hope to end up doing juvenile criminal defense work. I was lucky enough to have **Andrew Friedman** '88 as one of my supervisors." This summer, after taking the bar exam, Erik will start a one-year clerkship with U.S. District Judge Robert Patterson in New York City. Erik is planning to live in Park Slope, Brooklyn, and would like to prevail upon any Brown alums in that neighborhood to send him promising apartment leads – one-bedrooms or shares. Erik can be reached at 70 Howe St., #400, New Haven, Conn. 06511; (203) 624-5628; erik.pitchal@yale.edu.

1995

Pete Bartle was promoted to the rank of first lieutenant in the U.S. Marine Corps during Operation Eager Mace, a training exercise in the Kuwaiti desert. He is serving as a rifle platoon commander. Pete's unit is deployed as part of the 13th Marine expeditionary unit to the Persian Gulf.

Brendan Lynch, a third-year student at Harvard Law School, will have a sixty-page paper published in the summer edition of the *Harvard Civil Rights and Civil Liberties Law Review*. The paper is titled "Welfare Reform, Unemployment Compensation, and the Social Wage: Dismantling Family Support Under Wisconsin's W-2 Workfare Plan." Brendan was awarded a grant from the Independence Foundation of Philadelphia, where he will begin working in September on Medicaid abuses by HMOs.

Monazza Qazi Mahmud writes: "Hello to all my friends. I often miss all of you. My four years at Brown are like a dream now. I received my M.Sc. from the London School of Economics and am now married and working as an internal auditor at Shell Pakistan. Please get in touch." Monazza can be reached at 58, Street 14, Phase 5, Dha, Karachi, Pakistan; najam@super.net.pk.

1996

Virginia Batson received a degree in studio art (printmaking) from Tulane University last May. Virginia writes: "I have returned to the performing arts high school I attended, Walnut Hill School for the Arts in Natick, Mass.,

where I am assistant to the dean of students. I am dancing regularly, doing printmaking at the Museum School in Boston, and writing. I'm getting married this summer to Peter W. Grant, whom I met while working on a Brown dance production in 1992–93."

Kara Caldarone married **Brent Johnston** '93 on June 14, 1997, in Newport, R.I. The ceremony and reception took place at Rosecliff Mansion. The wedding party included bridesmaids **Farley Collins**, **Sally Taylor**, **Liz Alt**, and **Jessica Grunwald**, and groomsmen **John Melby** '93, **Gus Koven** '93, **Andy Hull** '93, **J.C. Raby** '94, and **Garrett Palm** '94. Brent and Kara live in Manhattan, where Brent works at Société Générale as an assistant vice president in specialized structure finance and Kara works at Goldman Sachs in institutional sales in equities. They can be reached at (212) 874-2862.

Kemaal Esmail is designing offshore oil facilities for a structural-engineering firm in Houston. He can be reached at via e-mail at kesmai@mustangeng.com.

Gilberto Sustache writes: "Hello and best wishes to all our friends from Brown. **Hanya El-Sheshtawy Sustache** '97 and I are still loving our newlywed year and are having a great time. She's teaching ninth- grade science in the Worcester (Mass.) Public Schools, and I'm in my second year at UMass Medical School." Gilberto can be reached at gilberto.sustache@ummed.edu.

David Wadler can be reached at djw@intap.net. (The e-mail address that appeared in the January/February *BAM* was incorrect.)

Joy Whalen and **Paul Fichiera** are engaged and plan an Oct. 10 wedding in New Hampshire. They are living in Phoenix and "basking in the sunshine," Paul writes. Joy is working toward her elementary teaching certificate and is an aide at Carson Junior High School in Mesa, Ariz. Paul is on leave from Andersen Consulting and "chasing his entrepreneurial dreams." They can be reached at pfichiera@inficad.com.

1997

Hannah Burton has settled in Portland, Oreg., where she works with an AmeriCorps program focusing on education and environmental issues. Hannah is living with **Lyssa Mudd** '96, who has returned from a year of study and travel in India. "We both think fondly of Providence, particularly on these rainy days," Hannah writes.

John Churchward is in Newport Beach, Calif., for the year and wants to meet up with friends on the West Coast. He can be reached at jchurchw@finova.com.

Amy Cook is serving in the Peace Corps in Chad, Africa. She can be reached at PCV Amy Cook, Corps de la Paix Américain, B.P. 1182, N'Djamena, Chad, Central Africa, via Paris.

Lieko Earle is a Peace Corps volunteer in Tanzania, where she teaches secondary school physics and is learning to speak Swahili. "I live in a forest surrounded by banana, mango, and papaya trees – a little bit of a culture shock from Providence, but I love it. If anyone wants to see Lake Victoria or to climb Kilimanjaro, come visit," Lieko writes. She can be reached at U.S. Peace Corps, Box 9123, DSM, Tanzania.

Catherine Ionata is serving in the Peace Corps in Turkmenistan, where she teaches English to high school students. She can be reached at U.S. Peace Corps/Turkmenistan, P.O. Box 258, Krugozor, Central Post Office, Ashgabat 744000, Turkmenistan. (This note was submitted by Catherine's sister **Victoria** '95.)

IN THE NEWS

RISKY BUSINESS: In a February *New York Times* article marking the fiftieth anniversary of the first Kinsey report on human sexuality, **Marshall Miller** '97 criticized the American approach to sex education. Sex is discussed in terms of risk, he told the *Times*, but "imagine teaching driving in the same way. You'd be told never to drive because you could be injured and go to the hospital." Miller concentrated in sexuality and society at Brown.

GS

Malcolm Freiberg '47 A.M., '51 Ph.D. (see **Sarah Freiberg Ellison** '80).

Richard H. Reis '57 A.M., '62 Ph.D., Marion, Mass., is retired from teaching English at the University of Massachusetts-Dartmouth. He has written a memoir about the political maneuvering that rocked UMass-Dartmouth (then Southeastern Massachusetts University) in the 1960s and 1970s. When he's not golfing, gardening, or cooking, Dick works on two writing projects: a cookbook and an Arthurian novel.

Carole Gannon Potter '62 M.A.T. (see '61).

James H. Herzog '63 Ph.D. served on various multinational and joint service staffs as a political/military expert. He retired from the U.S. Navy in 1972 as a highly decorated captain and joined the international staff in the defense plans and policy division of NATO headquarters. He retired from NATO in 1980. From 1982 until last July, he taught in the European division of the University of Maryland. He offered special courses and seminars on U.S.–U.S.S.R. and NATO–Warsaw Pact relations and contemporary problems in the Middle East. James lives in Alexandria, Va., with his wife, Michele, who recently retired from the international staff of NATO Brussels.

Daniel R. Schwarz '65 A.M., '68 Ph.D. published *Reconfiguring Modernism: Explorations in the Relationship between Modern Art and Modern Literature* (St. Martin's Press). Daniel is a professor of English at Cornell University. He has written several other books and is editor of *The Dead* and *The Secret Sharer* and co-editor of *Narrative and Culture*.

John E. Finnerty '68 A.M. (see '65).

Anne Bratton Fairbanks '69 M.A.T. completed a Ph.D. in English at the University of Nebraska at Lincoln in May 1997.

Nancy Goldsmith Leiphart '70 A.M., Winston-Salem, N.C., is the assistant dean of general studies in the college division of the North Carolina School of the Arts. Nancy writes, "We are a cluster of performing arts conservatories teaching students dance, design and production, drama, filmmaking, and music at the high school, college, and graduate levels."

Gilbert T. Sewall '70 A.M. is editor of *The Eighties: A Reader* (Addison-Wesley), a collection of writing about the decade's politics, economics, and culture ("Anthologies Noted," Books, January/February). Gilbert is a cultural historian and the president of the Center for Education Studies in New York City. He is also the director of the American Textbook Council, a research organization that conducts independent reviews and studies of history curricula and textbooks.

Jack Henke '73 M.A.T. has been teaching social studies at Brookfield Central School, Brookfield, N.Y., for twenty-four years. Jack spends his spare time coaching basketball, writing local history, gardening, and fishing. He can be reached at Box 175, Brookfield 13314.

Eleanor Levie '73 M.A.T., Doylestown, Pa., writes: "I am an author, editor, and, now, a book packager in needlework and crafts. My book *Country Living Country Paint* just came out, and *Creations in Miniature* is due out in September. I advocate for civil rights and women's issues as state public affairs chair of the National Council of Jewish Women. **Carl Harrington** '73 M.A.T., and I are having our own 25th reunion celebration, plus a 16th wedding anniversary. Carl is in charge of marketing for K'NEX, the second-largest and fastest-growing construction toy company. Our 11-year-old son, Sam, happens to be an expert construction toy builder and a great business asset to his dad. This year, Carl won both his fantasy baseball and fantasy basketball league games. No couch potatoes here, though: Carl got us all to join a gym recently. With luck, we should be around for our 50th reunion." The family can be reached at cthelsh@voicenet.com.

William Gaulin '74 M.A.T. is a principal at Synectics Inc., in Cambridge, Mass.

Peter S. Thompson '75 Ph.D. published *Littérature moderne du monde francophone: une anthologie* (National Textbook Co.).

Jaimee Wriston Colbert '76 A. M. is the winner of the Willa Cather Fiction Prize for her second collection of short stories, *Climbing the God Tree*. Jaimee lives in Rockport, Maine, where she is an instructor of writing and communications at the University of Maine at Augusta. She also teaches creative

writing at the state prison and is a faculty associate at the Stonecoast Writers Conference. Her short stories have been published in a variety of literary journals. Her short fiction collection *Sex, Salvation, and the Automobile* won the Zephyr Publishing Prize in Fiction in 1993.

David Felder '76 A.M. lives in London with his wife, Louise, and their children, Miriam, 9, and Naomi, 3. He is head of international fixed income for Dresdner RCM Global Investors, part of the Dresdner Bank Group.

Tom Couser '77 Ph.D. published *Recovering Bodies: Illness, Disability, and Life Writing* (University of Wisconsin Press), an analysis of the relationship between physical and cultural dimensions of illness and disability. Tom is an English professor at Hofstra University.

Jwo Pan '78 Sc.M., '82 Ph.D. was named a fellow of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers, an honor conferred on a member of the society who has at least ten years of active engineering practice and has made significant contributions to the field. Jwo is an associate professor of mechanical engineering at the University of Michigan.

Mary Martins Brennan '79 A.M. (see **Tara Brennan** '92).

Joseph McLaren '80 Ph.D. published *Langston Hughes: Folk Dramatist in the Protest Tradition, 1921–1943* (Greenwood Publishing Group). A specialist in African-American literature and African literature in English, Joseph has written numerous articles on literary and cultural topics. His writings have appeared in *Masterpieces of African-American Literature* and *The African American Encyclopedia*. He is an associate professor of English at Hofstra University.

Ann-Louise Sticklor Shapiro '80 Ph.D. (see **Michael D. Shapiro** '62).

Bill Ferraro '83 A.M., '91 Ph.D. married Laura Hellmann, a public health nutritionist, on Nov. 29 in Carbondale, Ill. Bill is a documentary editor with the Ulysses S. Grant Association at Southern Illinois University at Carbondale (SIUC). **Todd Gernes** '87 A.M., '92 Ph.D. and **Thom Mitchell** '81 A.M., '84 Ph.D. attended the wedding. Todd coordinates the upper-level writing program in the Gayle Morris Sweetland Writing Center and is a member of the department of English language and literature at the University of Michigan. Thom, who lives around the corner from Bill, is an associate professor of economics at SIUC. E-mail Bill at bferraro@lib.siu.edu, Todd at tsgernes@umich.edu, and Thom at tmitch@siu.edu.

Stephen Siegel '83 Sc.M., '85 Ph.D. (see **Jayne Kurkjian-Siegel** '84).

Patricia McDonnell '85 A.M. '91 Ph.D. is the author of the catalog for "Marsden Hartley: American Modern," an exhibition that will be on tour nationally through 2000. Patricia is a curator at the University of Minnesota's Weisman Art Museum.

J.M. Landsberg '86 Sc.M. (see '86).

Paul Bechta '88 Sc.M. (see '87).

Kang Sun '88 Ph.D. joined Allied Signal Inc. as a general manager of imaging devices. Prior to joining Allied Signal, he spent six years at Arkwright Inc. as a vice president of technology. He can be reached at (973) 455-6201; kang.sun@alliedsignal.com.

Manojit Sarkar '92 Sc.M. has two children, Arjun, 2, and Natasha, born in January. Manojit works in Silicon Valley, where he writes computer software for managing telecommunications networks. His wife, Pallabi, is pursuing biotechnology.

MD

Pat Myskowski '75 M.D. (see **Deborah Lisker** '72).

Janet Schaffel '79 M.D. (see **Jesselyn Brown** '92).

Keith Fishbein '80 M.D. (see **Selma Gold Fishbein** '48).

Martin F. Carr '81 M.D. (see '78).

William J. Long '82 M.D. is practicing cardiology in Baton Rouge, La., while "looking to move out west." He has two children, Max, 1, and Liam, 3.

Barrie Weiner-Ross '88 M.D. (see '85).

Sarah Wolk Bechta '92 M.D. (see **Paul Bechta** '87).

Rex Chiu '94 M.D. (see '89).

Chris D'Arcy '96 M.D. (see '92).

Victoria G. Reyes '96 M.D. (see **Chris D'Arcy** '92).

OBITUARIES

Preston W. Lewis '17 A.M., St. Louis; September. He retired in 1964 as president of Ely & Walker, a division of Burlington Industries. He is survived by his wife, Edith, 705 S. La Clede Station Rd., #355, St. Louis 63119.

Stanley H. Mason '19, Providence; Jan. 9. He was a trust officer for Rhode Island Hospital Trust for forty-five years. He was a member and officer of the Providence Athenaeum and a board member and treasurer of the Providence Animal Rescue League. He is survived by a nephew, **C. Warren Bubier** '36.

Alice Desmond Schmieder '23, Middletown, R.I.; Jan. 4. A class agent for nineteen years, she served as president and treasurer of her class and as chair of the 1983 reunion fund. During the 1950s, she and her husband kept the Brown mascot, a bear cub, at their home. She held the cub during Brown football games.

Louis C. Horvath '25, Canton, Conn.; Dec. 30. A retired colonel in the U.S. Air Force, he served in New Guinea during World War I. He also was retired from Southern New England Telephone Co., where he had been a personnel manager for more than forty years. He is survived by three daughters, including Joyce Webber, 229 Brickett Hill Rd., Pembroke, N.H. 03275.

W. Roland Harrall '26, Providence; Feb. 3. He was a bond salesman and broker before retiring in 1986. He is survived by a son and two daughters.

Helen F. Horton '28, Bristol, R.I.; Jan. 17. She was a teacher in Bristol for thirty-five years, retiring in 1964. She was a vice president of the Bristol Historical and Preservation Society and cofounder of the Junior Historical Society.

H. Charles Kwasha '28, Miami; May 4, 1997. He was a partner in the Kwasha Lipton Co., an actuarial consulting firm in North Miami Beach. Survivors include his wife, Sylvia, 11111 Biscayne Blvd., Miami 33161; a cousin, **Abraham Lisker** '33; and a niece, **Carolyn Berman Grinberg** '82.

Irving Newton (Novogroski) '28, Springfield, Va.; 1997. Survivors include his wife, Rena; a son, Murray, 9213 Beachway Ln., Springfield 22153; and two cousins, **Arthur Novogroski** '31 and **Allen Novogroski** '33.

Mary V. Mulligan '29, Warwick, R.I.; Dec. 25.

Lloyd M. Wilcox Sr. '29, Terryville, Conn; Feb 5. A resident of Terryville since 1937, he was a general practitioner and company physician for the former Eagle Lock Co. He later practiced as an ophthalmologist in Terryville and Bristol (Conn.) until retiring ten years ago. He is survived by his wife, Madge, 244 Main St., Terryville 06786; two sons, including **Lloyd Jr.** '63; and a daughter.

Mary Jessamine Daggett Gist '30 A.M., Marianna, Ark.; Oct. 5.

Alfred N. Henschel '30, Groton, Conn.; Feb. 1. He was a textile chemist for Milliken Textile in Exeter, N.H., before retiring. A volunteer firefighter, he helped pioneer the use of detergents to extinguish fires. During World War II, he served with the Georgia Civil Air Patrol and worked on fabrics used by the armed forces. He is survived by three sons, including John, 322 Hillsdale Rd., West Kingston, R.I. 02892.

Hester Harrington Stow '30, Nashville, Tenn.; Dec. 10. Survivors include her husband, H. Lloyd, 11 Burton Hills Blvd., #152, Nashville 37215.

Anne Carr Booth '31, Worcester, Mass.; Dec. 28. She was a teacher in Worcester until retiring in 1974. She is survived by two sons, including **Albert** '64, 61 Post Kennel Rd., Far Hills, N.J. 07931.

Irving Beck '32, Providence; Jan. 25. He was a physician and consultant in internal medi-

cine and, later, the senior medical consultant to the Rhode Island Medical Center. A U.S. Army veteran of World War II, he served as a captain in the medical corps in the China-Burma-India theater. In 1962, he became medical chief at Miriam and Lying-In (now Women & Infants) hospitals and a consultant to Rhode Island and Roger Williams hospitals. He was president of the Providence Medical Association, governor (for Rhode Island) of the American College of Physicians, and president of the Rhode Island Diabetes Association. He also taught a course in medical history at Brown and served as a trustee of the Brown and Harvard medical school libraries. He was awarded the Brown Medical School's W.W. Keen Award for distinguished service to the community. He is survived by his wife, Edith, 700 Smith St., Providence 02908; three daughters; and two brothers, **Maurice** '39 and **Aaron** '42.

Donald E. Ewing '32, Cleveland; Dec. 7. A retired employee of the Harris Corp., he was an officer in the U.S. Navy during World War II. He is survived by a nephew, **Robert Elliott** '67; and a niece.

Helen Whitcomb Sizer '32 Sc.M., Bedford, Mass.; Nov. 21. Survivors include her husband, Irwin, 52 Dartmouth Ct., Bedford 01730.

William E. Devine '33, New Haven, Conn.; Sept. 21, 1993.

James S. Tuttle '33, St. Augustine, Fla.; April 1997. He was an assistant manager at S.S. Kresge Co., a salesman at the Packard Motor Car Co., a representative for the Dearborn National Insurance Co., and the founder of Weber Oil Co. Survivors include his wife, Sarah, 44 Willow Dr., St. Augustine 32084.

William B. Flack '34, Towson, Md.; Oct. 31, 1996. He was a retired vice president at Gaudreau Inc. Architects in Baltimore. He is survived by a daughter, Beth Lux, 7 Allen Rd., Bow, N.H. 03304.

Marguerite L. Melville '34, Morristown, N.J.; Dec. 25. She was a self-employed artist and sculptor.

David Viger '34, Grosse Pointe Farms, Mich.; August. He was a retired vice president of Guest Keen Nettle Folds and a former president of the Woodlee Corp. in Detroit. Survivors include his wife, Mary Louise, 356 Moross Rd., Grosse Pointe Farms 48236.

Sidney B. Callis '35, Hyannis, Mass.; Dec. 11. The Barnstable County (Mass.) medical examiner since the early 1950s, he also was a consulting psychiatrist for the Veterans Administration, the U.S. Air Force, the U.S. District and Superior courts, and the Barnstable House of Correction. He was the police surgeon and school physician for the town of Wellfleet, Mass. He is survived by his wife, Jeanie, P.O. Box 757, Wellfleet 02667; and a daughter.

Harriet Streeter Gray '35, Norway, Maine; Dec. 20. With her late husband, a minister, she served churches in Maine, Michigan, Connecticut, Massachusetts, Florida, and Rhode Island until his death in 1982. She remarried in 1985, was ordained, and became the minister of visitation at the First Congregational Church of South Paris, Maine. She is survived by her husband, Kenneth, 4 Magnolia Dr., Norway 04268; two sons, including **Daniel C. Tuttle Jr.** '59; three daughters; and a sister, **Mary Streeter Rose** '43.

John E. Deignan '36, Warwick, R.I.; Feb. 10. Before retiring in 1973, he was a service technician for the former Petroleum Heat and Power in Providence. He is survived by a son, a daughter, a stepson, and a stepdaughter.

Chester E. Hogan '37, Cave Creek, Ariz.; Dec. 12. He was the retired director of the Los Angeles Zoo. He is survived by a daughter, Sharyn Wallace, 36680 N. Orilla Oeste, Cave Creek 85331.

George H. Springer '38, '40 Sc.M., Dayton, Ohio; Nov. 24. He was a geology professor and department chair at the University of Dayton. Survivors include his wife, Dolores, 2373 Shelterwood Dr., Dayton 45409.

Marian Sigler Wessell '38 A.M., Naples, Fla.; Nov. 30. Survivors include her husband, **Nils** '35 Sc.M.

Joseph C. Blessing '39, Millbrook, Ala.; Dec. 17. He was a retired account representative for Underwriters' Laboratories in Northbrook, Ill. A U.S. Air Force veteran of World War II, he was a first lieutenant bombardier-navigator and flew fifty-seven missions out of Port Moresby, Papua New Guinea. He is survived by his wife, Lorraine, 81 Pine Ct., Millbrook 36054; a son; and a daughter.

Gardner S. Gould '39, Brunswick, Maine; Jan. 2. A veteran of the U.S. Navy, he was a retired plant engineer. He is survived by his wife, Martha, P.O. Box 508, Brunswick 04011; a son; and a daughter.

Barbara Golburgh Moses '39, Potomac, Md.; June 27. She is survived by a son, Paul, 3 Imperial Promenade, #445, Santa Ana, Calif. 92707; and a daughter.

Albert P. Bedell '40, Northampton, Mass.; Dec. 7, 1996. He was a retired insurance broker for Johnson & Higgins in New York City. Survivors include his wife, Marguerite, 45 Washington Ave., Northampton 01060.

Bertram H. Buxton Jr. '40, Naples, Fla.; Jan. 12. The former chief of staff at Women & Infants Hospital in Providence, he was a founding member of the committee that spearheaded the creation of Brown's medical school in 1974. A professor emeritus at Brown and the University of Tennessee, Memphis, he was the director of the division of gynecology at Roger Williams Hospital, served on the board of Brown's medical school, and was a member of the editorial board of the *Rhode Island Medical Journal*. He also served as president of the Providence Medical Association, on the Family Planning Council of Rhode Island, on the executive committee of the Rhode Island Cancer Control Board, and on the board of Planned Parenthood of Rhode Island and Tennessee. He is survived by his wife, **Lois Lindblom Buxton** '43, 5809 Rattlesnake-Hammock Rd., #108, Augusta Woods, Naples, Fla. 34113; four sons, including **John** '69 and **Bradford** '75; and three daughters.

Robert T. Engles '40, Providence; Dec. 30. After serving as a lieutenant in the U.S. Navy during World War II, he worked at radio station WTOP in Washington, D.C. With a business partner, he bought WHIM in Providence; WTRY in Troy, N.Y.; and WORC in Worcester, Mass. He sold the stations in 1957 and bought the Church Travel Agency, which he managed until retiring in 1988. He was vice president of the Providence Preservation Society, a director of the Rhode Island Blue Cross, and a director of Lying-In (now Women & Infants) Hospital. He served as class marshal at several Commencements and received the Alumni Service Award in 1994. He is survived by his wife, **Helen Gill Engles** '39, 40 Benefit St., Providence 02904; three sons; and three daughters.

Thomas E. Autzen '41, Portland, Oreg.; Nov. 29. The man for whom the University of Oregon football stadium is named, he was president of the Autzen Foundation, which distributes grants to human-services, educational, and arts foundations. He was chairman of the University of Oregon Foundation and served on the boards of the Japanese Garden Society, the High Desert Museum, the Columbia River Maritime Museum, Pacific Crest Outward Bound, and Good Samaritan Hospital. He is survived by two sisters and a brother.

Everett J. Daniels '41, Los Angeles; Aug. 9. He was a mathematician/engineer and a long-range planner in the aerospace industry. Later, he was a stockbroker and certified financial planner. He is survived by his wife, Helen, 2618 Greenvalley Rd., Los Angeles 90046; a son; and a daughter.

Winthrop C. Fanning '41, Pittsburgh; Dec. 27. A U.S. Air Force veteran of World War II, he worked as a foreign correspondent in Europe after the war. In 1951, he joined the staff of the *Pittsburgh Post-Gazette*, where he was an entertainment editor and columnist until retiring in 1983.

H. Eliot Rice '41, Warwick, R.I.; Jan. 10. A partner in the Providence law firm Rice Dolan

& Kershaw, he was treasurer of his class from 1961 to 1991. He also was a member of the board and executive committee of Hamilton House. He is survived by his wife, Margery, 13 Cedar Pond Dr., #2, Warwick 02886; a son; two daughters; and a sister, **Elisabeth Rice Smart** '37.

Howard B. Lyman '42, Cincinnati; Dec. 20. He was a retired psychology professor at the University of Cincinnati and one of the first clinical psychologists to be licensed in Ohio. He was a nationally recognized specialist in psychological testing and interpreting test scores, and he authored *Test Scores: What They Mean*. He also was among the first psychologists to counsel divorced and separated people, a subject he tackled in *Single Again* in 1971. He was president of the Ohio Psychological Association and editor of its magazine. He is survived by a son, two daughters, three stepsons, and a stepdaughter.

Marian Dahms Holland '43, Lakewood, Colo.; Nov. 11. She is survived by two nieces, **Judith A. Hunt** '60 and **Carol Hunt Epple** '65.

Thella Price Groves '44, Youngstown, Ohio; Aug. 7. She is survived by two daughters, Anne Bramlett and Susan Grove, 3941 Loma Vista Dr., Youngstown 44511.

Mary-Lucille Lafond Bonte '45, Stuart, Fla.; Dec. 17. She is survived by her husband, Albert, 200 SE Four Winds Dr., #211, Stuart 34996; a son; and two daughters.

Herschel Weil '45 Sc.M., '48 Ph.D., Ann Arbor, Mich.; Jan. 3, 1997. He was a professor of electrical and computer engineering at the University of Michigan. Survivors include his wife, **Bonnie Lichterman Weil** '48, 1601 Arbordale St., Ann Arbor 48103.

David G. Hassman '46, Dover, Mass.; Dec. 17. He was a division manager for Wild & Stevens Inc., graphic-arts suppliers in Newton Highlands, Mass. Survivors include his wife, Jacqueline, P.O. Box 688, Dover 02030.

John Heneghan '48, Washington, D.C.; Sept. 29. He was a lawyer with the U.S. Securities and Exchange Commission. He is survived by a friend, John Gearrity, 2835 Hurst Terr., NW, Washington, D.C. 20016.

Berton F. Hill Jr. '48, South Yarmouth, Mass.; Jan. 17. A U.S. Army veteran of World War II, he was executive secretary of the National Academy of Science's Institute of Laboratory Animal Resources. He was honored by the American College of Laboratory Animal Medicine for his work in establishing standards for laboratory-animal medicine and care. As vice president of Charles River Breeding Laboratories, he introduced modern techniques of animal husbandry and germ-free breeding. He was the editor of *Charles River Digest* and a grants administrator and adviser on funded research for Brown's science faculty. He is survived by his wife, Letitia, 76 Country Club Dr., South Yarmouth 02664; a son, **Richard** '73; and a daughter.

Robert J. Meredith Jr. '48, Rochester, N.Y.; Dec. 29.

Walter F. Mullen '48 A.M., Warwick, R.I.; Jan. 1. He was a history professor at Providence College. Survivors include his wife, Dorothy.

Brayton H. White '48, North Kingstown, R.I.; Feb. 9. A U.S. Army Air Forces veteran of World War II, he was a self-employed insurance adjuster for thirty-five years before retiring in 1985. He also was the owner of the former Bob White Shop on Block Island. He is survived by his wife, Virginia, 50 Paula Dr., North Kingstown 02852; three sons; and a daughter.

Arthur Bauman '49, Baltimore; January. He was an assistant professor at Sonoma (Calif.) State College. Survivors include his son, **John** '81, 9367 Airdrome St., Los Angeles 90035.

C. William Wharton Jr. '49, Stonington, Conn.; Dec. 15. He was an antiques dealer specializing in eighteenth-century American furniture and decorative arts. He is survived by his wife, Emily, P.O. Box 349, Stonington 06378; and two sons.

Edith Lund Baillie '50, Cheshire, Conn.; Dec. 18. A nurse in the U.S. Navy during World War II, she was a personnel manager at Blue Cross/Blue Shield until her retirement. She is survived by her husband, **David** '50, 885 S. Brookvale Rd., Cheshire 06410; a son, **Donald** '70; and a daughter.

Edmund J. Winterbottom Jr. '50, Ripon, Wis.; Jan. 22. After retiring from Speed Queen's international sales department, he was an adult-literacy volunteer, a high school tutor, and a substitute teacher. Active in choruses and in the Christian Science church, he presented the Brown Book Award each year to a senior at Ripon High School. He is survived by his wife, Sarah, 703 Woodside Rd., Ripon 54971; a son; and four daughters.

Gerald I. Connis '51, Providence; Feb. 8. He worked for the U.S. Joint Publications Research Service, which services the foreign-language translation needs of the federal government. He is survived by his mother.

David N. Freedman '51, Rockville, Md.; Dec. 3, of cancer. He was senior vice president of corporate facilities for Giant Food Inc., and president of the company's subsidiary, Giant Construction Co. During his tenure at Giant, he oversaw planning, design, and construction of more than ninety Giant and Super G supermarkets, three pharmacies, a gourmet food store, and nineteen shopping centers. He served on the University of Maryland's construction-engineering and management advisory board, the Prince George Community College construction-education board, and the board of directors of the Giant Food Federal Credit Union. He is survived by his wife, Barbara, 7205 Old Gate Rd., Rockville 20852; and two sons.

Lois Black '53, London; Jan. 9. She was a clinical psychologist in Syracuse, N.Y., and at the time of her death was vacationing in London, where her husband was on sabbatical. Survivors include her husband, Karl Barth, 31 St. Luke's Rd., #5, London W11 1DB, U.K.; and four sons, including **Paul D. Henning** '81.

M. Elizabeth Stella '54, Scarsdale, N.Y.; Aug. 21, 1995. She is survived by a niece, Michele Gribko, 279 Charles Ave., Massapequa Park, N.Y. 11762.

Edward W. Wetmore '58, Old Saybrook, Conn.; July 16. He was a general manager at the International Silver Co. in Meriden, Conn. Survivors include his wife, Eleanor, 13 Otter Cove Dr., Old Saybrook 06475.

Denise Guerin Oschger '63, Park Ridge, Ill.; June 14. She is survived by her husband, Raymond, 311 Root St., Park Ridge 60068; and two daughters.

Ackley E. Blocher '66, Cleveland; December, of cancer. He was a consultant for his own firm, AEB & Associates, in Fairview Park, Ohio.

William C. Sallee '67 M.A.T., Lexington, Ky.; June 1996. Survivors include his wife, Jonel, 2872 Runnymeade Way, Lexington 40503.

Gari B. Marks '69, Providence; Feb. 1. He is survived by a brother.

Elliott L. Dunn '89, Canton, Mass.; Dec. 25. A philosophy concentrator at Brown, he continued his studies at Yale. From 1995 until shortly before his death, he resided in Berlin, where he pursued a research project on Schopenhauer and Nietzsche at Humboldt University. A memorial fund has been established at Brown in his memory. Donations can be mailed to the Elliott Louis Dunn Memorial Fund, Office of Development, Brown University, Box 1893, Providence, R.I. 02912. He is survived by his parents, Dr. and Mrs. Allan Dunn, 2 Algonquin Rd., Canton 02021.

Kenneth P. James '89 A.M., Buffalo, N.Y.; Nov. 6, of cancer. Survivors include his niece, Vanessa Faison, 215 Cornwell Dr., Bear, Del. 19701.

Kenneth D. Floyd '00 RUE, Providence; Jan. 12, of cancer. He is survived by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Dexter E. Floyd, 3315 Quail Ridge Rd., Kinston, N.C. 28501.

BY AUGUSTUS A. WHITE III '57

Memoriam

HUNT STUDIO

On July 7, 1966, while undergoing basic training in the U.S. Army Medical Corps at Fort Sam Houston, Texas, I visited the Alamo. The heroism and patriotism on display reminded of my childhood in the early 1940s, when I marched proudly around our house to the strains of a popular World War II fight song whose refrain went, "Remember Pearl Harbor as we did the Alamo." Seeing the 100 or so names of national heroes on the memorial there – James Bowie, William Travis, Davy Crockett – should have been a source of pride to a young American being processed as a Medical Corps captain. But on the last plaque, the final entry read: *John – Negro Boy.*

That ruined my visit. Was John really a boy, or was he a Negro man who died as did the others, fighting for his country? Didn't he have a last name, like the others? Was his first name really John, or was it just known that there was "a nigra up there who got kilt so we'll just call him John"? As an African American, should I be thankful that they bothered to mention him at all?

Years later, I visited the Vietnam Memorial. In the intervening time, I had spent a harrowing year in Vietnam as a military surgeon. I had struggled not to drown in a river of blood, which was flowing by me and sometimes over me at a rapid and powerful rate. My role was that of the commanding officer of an orthopedic MASH-type specialty unit attached to the 85th Evac Hospital in Qui Nhon, Vietnam. I worked at a kind of epicenter of the human realities of the war. I treated a twenty-year-old infantryman who had stepped on a land mine, which blew off his left foot and riddled his leg with shrapnel; I wanted to grab President Johnson by the elbow and show him that terrified, bloodied young man, writhing in pain.

I treated a young combat trooper named Bryan who had lost both his legs all the way up to just below his hip joints. We had to take him back to surgery several times to control the bleeding from his stumps. After seeing him a couple of times in the hospital, on the second day I went to his bedside to check on his condition and needs. I will never forget the question he asked me: "Well, Doc, I know I lost both my legs, but did I keep my balls?" I had not expected the question so soon. After a long pause, I told him that with hormone therapy he would maintain his manly qualities, but he could never father children.

All the dead included on the Vietnam Memorial have first and last names. But a disproportionate number of those names – more than 20 percent – belong to African Americans. The year I spent in Vietnam treating black, white, and yellow soldiers made me more aware of myself as a black, an African American, a minority, a member of a subordinated group. Have we made progress during the century between the Alamo and the fall of Saigon? Yes, but not enough. There have been positive changes, but in our nation, people of color remain very much disadvantaged.

The wall at the Vietnam Memorial starts out very low, only one line of names deep, then rises to a steep peak in the middle – 131 names from top to bottom. It trails off to the end, where it is again only one line deep. Up and down, like the cycle of our hope. There is a time of peace, then we escalate to the point of all-out war, and then, when it becomes intolerable, there is a gradual decrescendo of violence. We grieve and build our memorials. Our hopes rise again – hopes for preventing wars and maintaining peace. They escalate, then decline. Probably the memorial builders will remain in business for the foreseeable future.

Decades away from the days of sitting sadly at the delta of a river of blood and wondering why, I watched the sun strike the black wall of the Vietnam Memorial, transforming it into a mirror reflecting those of us who are still alive. We exist, we visit, we become one with the memorial. The mirror makes us face ourselves and gives us back to ourselves. It integrates us into the tragedy.

When we walk away, so do our reflections. But the wall stays, and so do the names. Those of us who came home from Vietnam feel a deep sense of obligation to those who didn't. What can we do? We can do everything possible to prevent such a war from happening again. How? By supporting principles of conflict resolution without war. By keeping chauvinism and competition in the economic and athletic arenas and off the battlefield. By maintaining hope that there *will* be progress and that the cycle of war, peace, and grief will end, once and for all.

When I walked away from the wall an hour later, I took my reflection and my reflections with me. I left behind a big part of my soul and as much hope as I'm capable of. ∾

Fellow Emeritus Augustus A. White III is professor of orthopedic surgery at Harvard Medical School and former orthopedic surgeon-in-chief at Boston's Beth Israel Deaconess Medical Center. He received a Bronze Star for his service in Vietnam.

A Salute to Brown Olympians

1998 Gold Medal Winners Katie King '97 (R) and Tara Mounsey '01 continue Brown's Olympic tradition. Brown has had 44 participants in the last century of Olympic competition. In just the last two years, Brown has produced 15 Olympians and 5 medal winners.

The Brown Sports Foundation

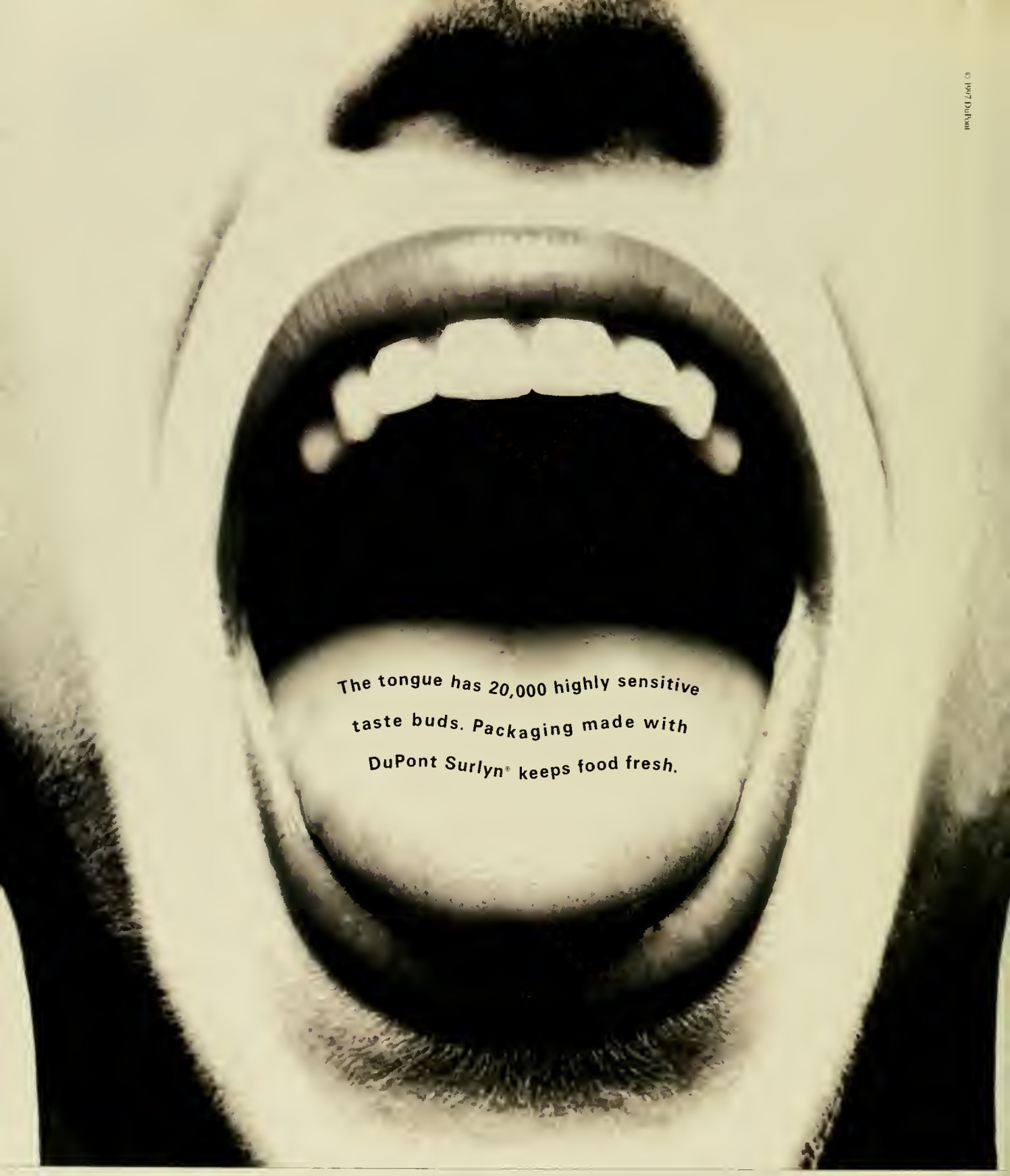
"Fostering Excellence in Athletics and a Winning Spirit at Brown"

A Total Athletic Endowment of $33,000,000

- Raising $1,500,000 a year in additional Endowment Funds
- Raising $1,250,000 a year in Annual Use Funds for our 35 Varsity and 5 Club Sports
- Raising Funds for the Continual Improvement of Intramural and University Fitness Programs and Facilities for the entire Brown Community

You can help us achieve these worthwhile goals with your financial support.

Box 1925 • Providence, R.I. 02912 • (401) 863-1900 • Fax (401) 863-3691 • e-mail: David_Zucconi@brown.edu



www.dupont.com

DUPONT®

Better things for better living

Surlyn® is a DuPont registered trademark for its brand of packaging resin. Only DuPont makes *Surlyn*®.